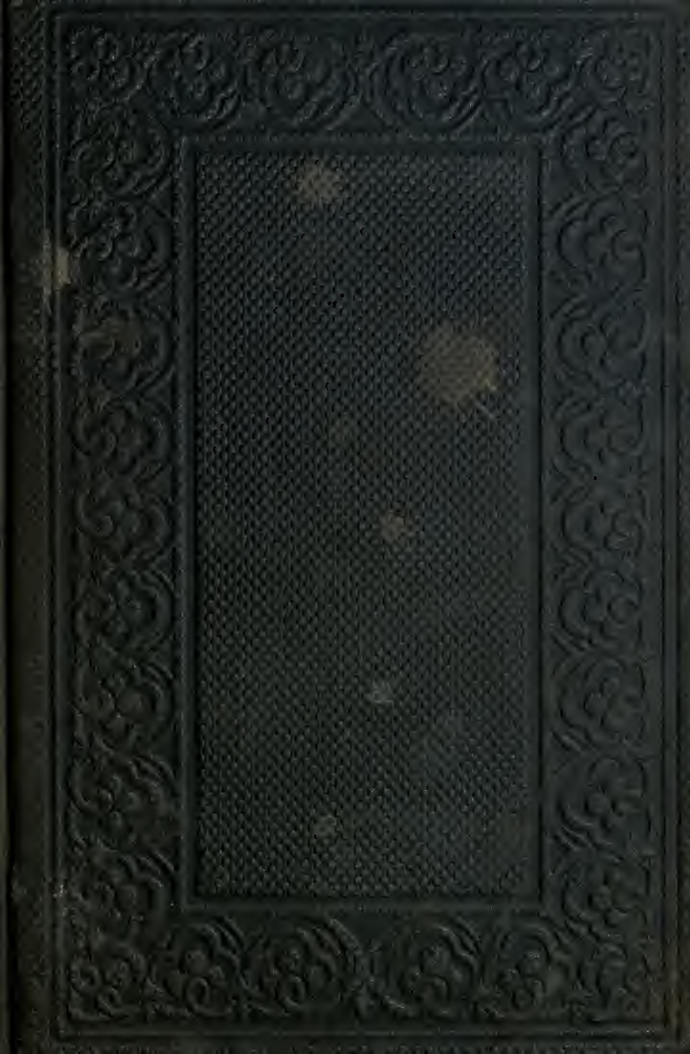




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ROLLO AND LUCY  
BOOKS OF POETRY.

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ORDER OF THE VOLUMES.

FIRST BOOK.—THE ROCKING HORSE.

SECOND BOOK.—CARLO.

THIRD BOOK.—THE CANARY BIRD.







*Canary Bird.*

SLEIGH-RIDE SONG.

NURIOUS

THE  
CANARY BIRD;

OR,

THE ROLLO AND LUCY THIRD BOOK  
OF POETRY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT,

AUTHOR OF THE ROLLO BOOKS, FRANCONIA STORIES, ETC.

WITH ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS.

PHILADELPHIA:  
GEORGE W. CHILDS,  
628 & 630 CHESTNUT STREET.

1863.

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PHILADELPHIA.

## PREFACE.

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THIS third volume of the series of Rollo and Lucy Books of Poetry contains, in addition to pieces not before published, a considerable number of specimens selected from the works of the most distinguished English and American poets, and also many anonymous articles, gathered from various sources. Many of the former class of selections are very familiar to habitual readers of poetry; but they will not necessarily be so to those for whom this work is chiefly intended, namely, young persons who are just coming forward to the age which enables them to understand and appreciate works of imagination of this character.

These specimens will, moreover, possess a certain value for such readers, by giving them some idea of the characteristics of style and manner peculiar to the several authors from

whose works the articles are taken, and thus serve as an introduction to a more extended acquaintance with them in years to come.

While the work, as is the case with the other two volumes of the series, is not designed specially for the direct accomplishment of any moral or religious end, the compiler has studiously endeavored to exclude every thing from the collection which might tend to inculcate any thing false, whether in sentiment, in taste, in morals, or in philosophy.

The names of the authors of the selected articles, so far as known, are given in the Table of Contents.

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THE  
ROLLO AND LUCY  
THIRD BOOK OF POETRY.

---

SLEIGH-RIDE SONG.

See the engraving in the frontispiece.

'Tis charming on a moonlight night  
To go and take a sleigh-ride,—  
Far better, if the moon is bright,  
Than any stupid day-ride.

Jingle, jingle, go the bells,  
How our fingers tingle!  
Up the hills and down the dells,  
Jingle, jingle, jingle.

No matter what the cold may be,  
We never seem to dread it:  
The colder 'tis, indeed, you see,  
The greater is the credit.

For surely, whether young or old,  
He must be quite a hero  
Who does not fear to face the cold  
When it is down to zero.

Jingle, jingle, go the bells,  
Ears and noses tingle,  
Up the hills and down the dells,  
Jingle, jingle, jingle.

The horses must be strong and tough,  
The roads all hard and frozen,  
The sleigh, too, must be big enough  
To hold about a dozen.

So we go jingling o'er the road,  
All full of talk and laughter,  
And ride about, a merry load,  
Till twelve o'clock or after.

Jingle, jingle, go the bells,  
Toes and noses tingle,  
Up the hills, and down the dells,  
Jingle, jingle, jingle.

---

ENIGMA.

WE are little airy creatures,  
All of different forms and features:

One of us in glass is set;  
 One of us you'll find in jet;  
 Another you may see in tin,  
 And the fourth, a box within;  
 If the fifth you should pursue,  
 It will never fly from you.

*Ans.* The five vowels.

---

## THE SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,  
 Ravaged the plains and thinned the fold.  
 Deep in the wood secure he lay,—  
 The thefts of night regaled the day.  
 In vain the shepherd's wakeful care  
 Had spread the toils and watched the snare;  
 In vain the dog pursued his pace:  
 The fleeter robber mocked the chase.

As Lightfoot ranged the forest round,  
 By chance his foe's retreat he found.  
 "Let us a while the war suspend,  
 And reason as from friend to friend."  
 "A truce?" replies the wolf. "'Tis done."  
 The dog the parley thus begun:—

"How can that strong, intrepid mind  
 Attack a weak, defenceless kind?"

Those jaws should prey on nobler food,  
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.  
How harmless is our fleecy care!  
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare."

"Friend," says the wolf, "the matter weigh:  
Nature designed *us* beasts of prey.  
As such, when hunger finds a treat,  
'Tis necessary wolves should eat.  
If, mindful of the bleating weal,  
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,  
Hence, and *thy tyrant lord* beseech:  
To *him* repeat the moving speech.  
A wolf eats sheep but now and then;  
Ten thousands are devoured by men.  
An open foe may prove a curse,  
But a *pretended friend* is worse."

---

### THE KAYAK.

The little skiff in which the Esquimaux Indian, in the Arctic regions, hunts the seal, is called a kayak.

OVER the briny wave I go,  
In spite of the weather, in spite of the snow:  
What cares the hardy Esquimaux?  
In my little skiff, with paddle and lance,  
I glide where the foaming billows dance,  
And when the cautious seal I spy,  
I poise my ready lance on high,  
And then like lightning let it fly.

Round me the sea-birds dip and soar;  
 Like me, they love the ocean's roar.  
 Sometimes a floating iceberg gleams  
 Above me with its melting streams;  
 Sometimes a rushing wave will fall  
 Down on my skiff, and cover it all.  
 But what care I for the waves' attack?  
 With my paddle I right my little kayak,  
 And then its freight I speedily trim,  
 And over the waters away I skim.

---

## ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Lines by the celebrated poet, Alexander Pope, said to have  
 been written when he was only twelve years old.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care  
 A few paternal acres bound,  
 Content to breathe his native air  
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,  
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
 In winter, fire.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,  
 Thus unlamented let me die,  
 Steal from the world, and not a stone  
 Tell where I lie.

## THE SAILOR-BOY'S DREAM.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,  
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the  
wind,

And, watchworn and weary, his cares flew away,  
While visions of happiness flowed o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his *home*,—of the dear native bowers,  
And the pleasures which waited on life's merry  
morn;

While Memory stood smiling, half covered with  
flowers,  
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,  
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise.  
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,  
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,  
The swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall.  
Half trembling with transport, he raises the latch,  
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,  
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;

And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite  
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds  
dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;  
Joy quickens his pulse; all his hardships seem  
o'er;

And a murmur of happiness steals through his  
rest:—

“O God, thou hast blessed me! I ask for no  
more.”

Ah! what is that flame that now bursts on his  
eye?

Hark! what is that sound that now 'larms his  
ears?

'Tis the lightning's red glare, flashing out on the  
sky!

'Tis the crash of the thunders,—the groan of the  
spheres!

He springs from his hammock! He flies to the  
deck!

Amazement confronts him with images dire:  
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel wreck!  
The masts fly in splinters! the shrouds are on  
fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell.  
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save!

Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,  
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er  
the wave.

Oh, sailor-boy! where is thy dream of delight?  
In darkness dissolves thy gay frost-work of bliss.  
Oh, where is the picture thy fancy touched bright,—  
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed  
kiss?

Oh, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again  
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay:  
Unblest and unhonored, down deep in the main,  
Full many a score fathom thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead for remembrance of thee,  
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;  
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-  
sheet be,  
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-weed thy limbs shall be laid,  
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow,  
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,  
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall hasten away,  
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll.  
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye.  
Oh, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

## THE COURIER DOVE.

Written under an engraving representing a girl fastening  
a letter to the neck of a carrier-pigeon.

OUTSTRIP the winds, my courier dove,  
On pinions fleet and free,  
And bear this letter to my love,  
Who's far away from me.

It bids him mark thy plume, whereon  
The changing colors range,  
But warns him that my peace is gone  
If *he* should ever change.

It tells him *thou* return'st again  
To her who sets thee free,  
And, oh, it asks the truant when  
*He'll* thus resemble thee.

---

## THE IMPRISONED BIRD.

The bird's address to the boy who caught him, put him in a  
cage, and then forgot him and left him to starve.

TIME was when I was free as air,  
The thistle's downy seed my fare,  
My drink the morning dew.  
I perched at will on every spray,  
My form genteel, my plumage gay,  
My strains forever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,  
And form genteel, were all in vain  
    And of a transient date;  
For, caught, and caged, and starved to death,  
In dying sighs my little breath  
    Soon passed the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,  
And thanks for this effectual close  
    And cure of every ill.  
More cruelty could none express;  
And I, if you had shown me less,  
    Had been your prisoner still.

---

### THE CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

The rivers in Canada are navigated in a great degree by boats and canoes, which are propelled by a peculiar class of men, called the Canadian boatmen. They often sing to keep time with their oars. This song was written expressly to accompany one of their tunes.

The Utawa is one of the principal rivers. St. Ann's is the name of a celebrated rapid. There are many islands, which the boatmen, being Catholics, suppose to be under the guardianship of saints.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.

Row, brothers, row !  
The stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near,  
And the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.  
But when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh, sweetly we'll rest the weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow !  
The stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near,  
And the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide, this trembling moon  
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,  
Grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.  
Blow, breezes, blow !  
The stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near,  
And the daylight's past.

---

### YOUTH AND AGE.

YEARS steal fire from the mind, as vigor from the  
limb ;  
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the  
brim.

## LOOKING AT THE SKATERS.

THE frost-bound rivers bear the weight  
Of many a venturous elf:  
Let each who crowds to see them skate  
Be careful of himself.

For, like the world, deceitful ice  
Makes them who trust it rue:  
'Tis slippery as the paths of vice,  
And quite as faithless, too.

---

MY CHILD.

A Mother's address to her First-Born.

'Tis sweet to watch thee in thy sleep,  
When thou, my boy, art dreaming;  
'Tis sweet o'er thee a watch to keep,  
To mark the smile that seems to creep  
O'er thee, like daylight gleaming.

'Tis sweet to mark thy tranquil breast  
Heave like a small wave flowing,—  
To see thee take thy gentle rest,  
With nothing save fatigue opprest,  
And health on thy cheek glowing.

To see thee now, or when awake,  
Sad thoughts, alas ! steal o'er me ;  
For thou in time a part must take,  
That may thy fortunes mar or make,  
In the wide world before thee.

But I, my child, have hopes of thee,—  
And may they ne'er be blighted !—  
That I, years hence, may live to see  
Thy name as dear to all as me,  
Thy virtues well requited.

I'll watch thy dawn of joys, and mould  
Thy little mind to duty.  
I'll teach thee words, as I behold  
Thy faculties, like flowers, unfold  
In intellectual beauty.

And then, perhaps, when I am dead,  
And friends around me weeping,  
Thou'lt see me to my grave, and shed  
A tear upon the narrow bed  
Where I shall then be sleeping.

---

MY MOTHER.

In the sweet days of other years,  
When o'er my cradle first thy tears  
Were blended with maternal fears  
And anxious doubts for me,

How often rose my lisping prayer  
That Heaven a mother's life would spare,  
Who watched with such incessant care  
My helpless infancy !

My childish griefs were hushed to rest,  
Those lips on mine fond kisses pressed,  
Those arms my feeble form caressed,  
When few a thought bestowed.  
When sickness threw its venom'd dart,  
My pillow was thy aching heart,  
Thy gentle looks could joy impart,  
With angel love they glowed.

This world is but a troubled sea,  
And rude its billows seem to me ;  
Yet my frail bark must shipwrecked be,  
Ere I forget such friend,  
Or send a single prayer on high  
That begs not blessings from the sky,  
That Heaven will hear a daughter's sigh,  
And long thy life defend.

---

## PARTING.

WHEN forced to part from those we love,  
Though sure to meet to-morrow,  
We still a certain sadness prove,  
And feel a touch of sorrow.

But who can tell the bitter tears  
We shed when thus we sever  
Our fondest ties, for months or *years*,  
Or part, perhaps,—forever?

But, if our thoughts are fixed aright,  
A cheering hope is given;  
Though here our prospects end in night,  
We meet again in heaven.

United in the Saviour's love,  
When thus these ties we sever,  
We feel that we shall meet above,  
To part no more—forever.

---

## A VALENTINE.

The following valentine was sent to a bachelor, accompanied by a little parcel. On opening the parcel, the gentleman found a *rib* of a very small animal, “completely enveloped with white satin ribbon, ornamented by a true-lover's knot at each end, and another in the middle.”

Go, contemplate this lovely sign;  
Haste thee away to Reason's shrine,  
And listen to her voice:  
No more illusive shades pursue;  
To happiness *this* gives the clue;  
Make but a prudent choice.

Till Adam had a partner given,  
Much as fair Eden bloomed like heaven,  
His bliss was incomplete.  
No social friend those joys to share,  
Gave the gay scene a vacant air.  
*She* came:—'twas all replete.

And could not genuine Paradise  
The most extensive wish suffice  
Its guiltless lord possessed?  
No,—not without a kindred mate:  
How, then, in this degenerate state,  
Can man *alone* be blest?

But now the muse withdraws her aid;  
Enough thy folly to upbraid,  
Enough to make thee wise.  
No more of lonely hours complain,  
No more that all life's joys are vain,  
If thou this hint despise.

---

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

WHERE *can* the postman be, I say?  
He ought to *fly*—on such a day!  
Of all days in the year, you know,  
It's monstrous rude to be so *slow*.  
The fellow's so exceeding stupid——  
Hark! *There* he is! Oh, the *dear* Cupid!

## QUIBBLES.

## FIRE AND TOW.

A FELLOW did desire  
To warm at a fire  
His toes, before he went home;  
But the man said, "No:  
If you put fire and *toe*  
Together, you will burn the room."

## B AND C.

One did ask why B  
Was put before C,  
And did much desire to know.  
Why, a man must *be*,  
Before he can *see*;  
And I think I have hit on it now.

---

## AXES TO GRIND.

## A SONG.

SINCE my musical powers you're determined to  
tax,  
I'll sing you a song about grinding an axe;  
And, though simple my subject, but listen a minute,  
You'll find there's a very deep moral within it.

A young country scholar stood musing a while,  
When a journeyman carpenter came with a smile,  
Bringing with him an axe, which he wanted to  
grind;

But he could not tell where a grindstone to find.

He asked little Hodge if a grindstone he'd got.

Hodge nodded, and ran for the watering-pot.

"That's right," said the carpenter: "now you shall  
learn—

You're such a fine fellow—a grindstone to turn."

Hodge turned till his hands were all blistered and  
sore;

He thought that the grinding would never be o'er;

But, expecting some little reward to obtain,

He kept turning and turning away, might and main.

When the axe was at last ground as sharp as could  
be,

Then the carpenter spoke: "You young scape-  
grace!" said he,

"Here you've been playing truant!—off with you to  
school,

Or I'll teach you a lesson, you idle young fool!"

#### MORAL.

As you journey through life, you will everywhere  
find

A great many people with "axes to grind,"

Who come with fine words and a very sweet smile,  
To induce you to help them by turning a while.

When these persons begin, with their roundabout  
ways,  
To call you "good fellow" and stuff you with praise,  
Remember my story, and call to your mind  
That these are the folks that have "axes to grind."

---

## THE LOVER.

THE maiden with brown eyes and hair  
Came o'er the dewy meadows:  
The nightingales were singing clear  
Among the evening shadows.  
I saw and heard her stepping free:  
She passed like sunshine o'er the lea:  
I saw she was the girl for me!

Her skirts were lifted from the dew,  
Her bodice fitted tightly;  
Her plaited hair, her apron blue,  
The night-breeze wafted lightly.  
Her stockings white as white could be;  
Said I, "That maiden, fair to see,  
Is just the very girl for me."

The brindled cow her call obeyed,  
Came all the meadows through,

And, as she milked, said I, "Sweet maid,  
Thy heart is kind and true."  
She looked with eyes so bright and free,  
Said I, "She is the girl for me;  
She shall my heart's beloved be."

Her eyes, they seemed to answer yes;  
My heart with love was gushing;  
And I contrived my lips to press  
Upon her warm cheek blushing,—  
That blushing cheek so fair to see:  
Said I, "This maiden, fresh and free,  
She is the very girl for me."

I helped her over hedge and stile,  
With frothy milk-pail laden,  
And sang,—to scare the goblins vile  
That might affright the maiden;  
For now 'twas dark by bush and tree;  
And said I, "Maiden dear to me,  
Wilt thou my heart's beloved be?"

"Wherefore so late?" her mother cried,  
In wrath her daughter viewing.  
"Soft, gentle mother!" I replied;  
"Thy daughter I've been wooing!  
Give thy consent,—then blessed are we;  
Sweet mother, give consent, for she  
Is willing my beloved to be."

## THE COAL AND THE DIAMOND.

The diamond is the crystallized form of the element carbon, which is almost the sole constituent of coal. Thus, these two substances, notwithstanding the striking difference in their appearance and in their properties, are still essentially the same.

A COAL was hid beneath the grate,—  
'Tis often modest merit's fate:—  
'Twas small, and so perhaps forgotten ;  
    Whilst in the room, and near in size,  
In a fine casket lined with cotton,  
    In pomp and state a diamond lies.

“ So, little gentleman in black,”  
    The brilliant spark in anger cried,  
“ I hear, in philosophic clack,  
    Our families are close allied.  
But know, the splendor of my hue,  
    Excelled by nothing in existence,  
Should teach such little folks as you  
    To keep a more respectful distance.”

At these reflections on his name,  
The coal soon reddened to a flame.  
Of his own real use aware,  
He only answered with a sneer:—  
“ I scorn your taunts, good bishop *Blaze*,  
    And envy not your charms divine,  
For know, I boast a double praise,  
    As I can *warm* as well as shine.”

## WILD SPORTS OF THE WATERING-PLACE.

I LOVE to roam by the salt sea-foam,  
When the dolphins play and spring,  
And the wild sea-mew and the stone curlew  
And the stormy-petrels sing,—  
When the sea-gulls sweep o'er the pea-green deep,  
And whistle as they fly,  
And the cormorant proud shrieks out of a cloud  
Between the waves and sky.

The beach I tread,—from its pebbly bed  
The living oyster snatch,  
And the swift crab chase o'er the sand apace,  
And the crafty lobster catch.  
The whelk I pursue, and the winkle too,  
Where the frantic billows roar,  
And the shrimp, and the prawn, with his red shell  
on,  
I hunt on the wild sea-shore.

---

THE GREEDY FOX.

ON a winter's night,  
As the moon shone bright,  
Two foxes went out for prey:  
As they trotted along,  
With frolic and song  
They cheered their weary way.

Through the wood they went,  
But they could not scent  
A rabbit or goose astray;  
But at length they came  
To some better game,  
In a farmer's barn by the way.

On a roost there sat  
Some chickens, as fat  
As foxes could wish for their dinners;  
So the prowlers found  
A hole by the ground,  
And they both went in,—the sinners!

They both went in,  
With a squeeze and a grin,  
And the chickens were quickly killed;  
And one of them lunched  
And feasted and munched,  
Till his stomach was fairly filled.

The other, more wise,  
Looked about with both eyes,  
And hardly would eat at all;  
For, as he came in  
With a squeeze and a grin,  
He remarked that the hole was small;

And the cunning elf,  
He said to himself,  
“If I eat too much, it's plain,

As the hole is small,  
I shall stick in the wall,  
And never get out again."

Thus matters went on  
Till the night was gone,  
And the farmer came out with a pole.  
The foxes both flew;  
And one went through,  
But the greedy one stuck in the hole.

In the hole he stuck,  
So full was his pluck  
Of the chickens he had been eating:  
He could not get out,  
Or turn about,  
So he was killed by beating.

---

## THE POPPY.

HIGH on a bright and sunny bed  
A scarlet poppy grew;  
And up it held its staring head  
And held it out to view.

Yet no attention did it win  
By all these efforts made;

And less offensive had it been  
In some retired shade.

For, though within its scarlet breast  
No sweet perfume was found,  
It seemed to think itself the best  
Of all the flowers around.

From this may I a hint obtain,  
And take great care indeed  
Lest I should grow as pert and vain  
As is this gaudy weed.

---

### THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

ONE night came on a hurricane,  
The sea was mountains rolling,  
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,  
And said to Billy Bowling,  
"A strong norwester's blowing, Bill:  
Hark! don't you hear it roar now?  
Lord help 'em, how I pities all  
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,  
What danger they are all in,  
And now lie quaking in their beds,  
For fear the roof shall fall in!

Poor creatures ! how they envy us,  
And wishes, I've a notion,  
For our good luck, in such a storm,  
To be upon the ocean !

“And as for them who're out all day  
On business from their houses,  
And late at night are coming home,  
To cheer their babes and spouses,  
While you and I, Bill, on the deck  
Are comfortably lying,  
My eyes ! what tiles and chimney-pots  
About their heads are flying !

“And very often have we heard  
How men are killed and undone  
By overturns of carriages,  
By thieves and fires, in London.  
We know what risks all landsmen run,  
From noblemen to tailors :—  
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence  
That you and I are sailors !”

---

## CELESTIAL FROLICS.

THE sun had put his night-cap on,  
And covered o'er his head,  
When countless stars appeared amid  
The curtains round his bed.

The moon arose most motherly,  
To take a quiet peep  
How all the stars behaved while he,  
Her sovereign, was asleep.

She saw them wink their silvery eyes,  
As if in roguish play:  
Though silent all, to her they seemed  
As if they'd much to say.

So, lest their winking should disturb  
The sleeping king of light,  
She rose so high that her mild eye  
Could keep them all in sight.

The stars, abashed, stole softly back,  
And looked demure and prim,  
Until the moon began to nod,  
Her eyes becoming dim.

Then sleepily she sought her home,—  
That's somewhere:—who knows where?  
But, as she went, the playful stars  
Commenced their twinkling glare.

And when the moon was fairly gone,  
The imps with silvery eyes  
Had so much fun it woke the sun,  
And he began to rise.

He rose in glory : from his eyes  
Sprang forth a new-born day,  
Before whose brightness all the stars  
Ran hastily away.

---

## TIT FOR TAT.

A LAW there is, of ancient fame,  
By nature's self in every land implanted ;  
*Lex talionis*\* is its Latin name,  
But, if an English term we wanted,  
Give to your next-door neighbor but a pat,  
He'll give you back as good, and tell you, "*Tit*  
for *tat*."

This tit for tat, it seems, not men alone,  
But elephants, for legal justice own.  
In proof of this a story I shall tell ye,  
Imported from the famous town of Delhi.

A mighty elephant, that swelled the state  
Of Aurengzebe the Great,  
One day was taken by his driver  
To drink, and cool him, in the river.  
The driver on his neck was seated,  
And, as he rode along,  
By some acquaintance in the throng  
With a ripe cocoanut was treated.

---

\* The law of retaliation.

A cocoanut's a pretty fruit enough,  
But guarded by a shell both hard and tough.  
The fellow tried, and tried, and tried,  
Working and sweating,  
Pshawing and fretting,  
To find out its inside,  
And pick the kernel for his eating.

At length, quite out of patience grown,  
"Who'll reach me up," he cried, "a stone,  
To break this plaguy shell?  
But stay! I've here a solid bone  
May do perhaps as well."  
So, half in earnest, half in jest,  
He banged it on the forehead of his beast.

An elephant, they say, has human feeling,  
And full as well as we he knows  
The difference between words and blows,  
Between horse-play and civil dealing.  
Use him but well, he'll do his best,  
And serve you faithfully and truly:  
But insults unprovoked he can't digest:  
He studies o'er them, and repays them truly.

"To make my head an anvil," thought the creature,  
"Was never, certainly, the will of nature:  
So, master mine, you may repent."  
Then, shaking his broad ears, away he went.

The driver took him to the water,  
And thought no more about the matter;  
But elephant within his memory hid it:  
He felt the wrong,—the other only did it.

A week or two elapsed. One market-day,  
Again the beast and driver took their way:  
Through rows of shops and booths they passed,  
With eatables and trinkets stored,  
Till to a gardener's stall they came at last,  
Where cocoanuts lay piled upon the board.  
“Ha!” thought the elephant, “’tis now my turn  
To show this method of nut-breaking:  
My friend above will like to learn,  
Though at the cost of a head aching.”

Then in his curling trunk he took one from the  
heap,  
And waved it o’er his head with such a sudden  
sweep,  
And on the hapless driver’s sconce  
He laid a blow so hard and full,  
That cracked the nut at once,  
And with it cracked his skull.

Young folks, whene’er you feel inclined  
To rompish sports and freedoms rough,  
Bear tit for tat in mind,  
Nor give an elephant a cuff,  
Unless you’re sure you’ve nerve enough  
To take one back in kind.



TIT FOR TAT.



## BRING BACK MY FLOWERS.

A CHILD sat by a limpid stream,  
And gazed upon the tide beneath :  
Upon her cheek was joy's bright beam,  
And on her brow a blooming wreath.  
Her lap was filled with fragrant flowers,  
And, as the clear brook babbled by,  
She scattered down the rosy showers  
With many a wild and joyous cry,  
And laughed to see the mingling tide  
Upon its onward progress glide.

And time flew on, and flower by flower  
Was cast upon the sunny stream ;  
But when the shades of eve did lower,  
She woke up from her blissful dream.  
"Bring back my flowers !" she wildly cried ;  
"Bring back the flowers I flung to thee !"  
But Echo's voice alone replied,  
As danced the streamlet down the lea ;  
And still, amid night's gloomy hours,  
In vain she cried, "Bring back my flowers !"

O maiden, who on time's swift stream  
Dost gayly see the moments flee,  
In this poor child's delusive dream  
An emblem may be found of thee !

Each moment is a perfumed rose,  
Into thy hand by mercy given,  
That thou its fragrance might dispose  
And let its incense rise to heaven;  
Else, when death's shadow o'er thee lowers,  
Thy heart will wail, "Bring back my  
flowers!"

---

## THE POND AND THE BROOK.

## A FABLE.

"NEIGHBOR Brook," said the pond, one day,  
"Why do you flow so fast away?  
Sultry June is hastening on,  
And then your water will all be gone."

"Nay, my friend," the brook replied,  
"Do not thus my conduct chide:  
Shall I rather hoard than give?  
Better die than useless live."

Summer came, and blazing June  
Dried the selfish pond full soon;  
Not a single trace was seen  
Where it had so lately been.

But the brook with vigor flowed  
Swift along its pebbly road;

And the fragrant flowers around  
Smiled to hear its joyful sound.

Happy alone are they who show,  
Through deeds of kindness here below,  
That better far it is to give  
Than merely for one's self to live.

---

## THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed  
A modest violet grew:  
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,  
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,  
Its colors bright and fair:  
It might have graced a rosy bower,  
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,  
In modest tints arrayed,  
And there it spread its sweet perfume  
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,  
This pretty flower to see,  
That I may also learn to grow  
In sweet humility.

## THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

A SILLY young cricket, accustomed to sing  
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer  
and spring,

Began to complain, when he found that at home  
His cupboard was empty, and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found  
On the snow-covered ground;  
Not a flower could he see,  
Not a leaf on a tree :

“Oh, what will become,” says the cricket, “of me?”

At last, by starvation and famine made bold,  
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,  
Away he set off to a miserly ant,

To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant

Him shelter from rain :

A mouthful of grain

He wished only to borrow,

He'd repay it to-morrow :

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket, “I'm your servant and  
friend,

But we ants never borrow, and so we don't lend ;

But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by

When the weather was warm ?”

Said the cricket, “Not I !

My heart was so light  
That I sang day and night,  
For all nature looked gay."

"You *sang*, sir, you say?

Go, then," says the ant, "and *dance* winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,  
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.

Though this is a fable, the *moral* is good :  
If you live without work, you must go without  
food.

---

## DEW.

"OH, dearest mother, tell me, pray,  
Why are the dew-drops gone so soon?  
Could they not stay till close of day,  
To twinkle on the flowery spray,  
Or on the fields till noon?"

"My child, 'tis said such beauteous things,  
Too often loved with vain excess,  
Are swept away by angel-wings  
Before contamination clings  
To their pure loveliness.

"Behold yon rainbow, brightening yet,  
To which all mingled hues are given:

There are thy dew-drops, grandly set  
In a resplendent coronet  
Upon the brow of heaven.

“No earthly stain can reach them there :  
Woven with sunbeams, there they shine,  
A transient vision of the air,  
But yet a symbol, pure and fair,  
Of love and peace divine.”

The boy looked upward into space  
With eager and inquiring eyes,  
And o'er his sweet and thoughtful face  
Came a faint glory, and a grace  
Transmitted from the skies.

With the last odorous sigh of May,  
That child beneath the flowers was laid :  
Like dew, his spirit passed away,  
To mingle in eternal day  
With angels perfect made.

---

### THE MORNING-GLORY.

SWEET flower of the golden hour,  
Unknown to song or story,  
Suffused with dews and heavenly hues,—  
Aurora Morning-Glory.

O briefly bright as orient light  
The opening day adorning,  
The purple flush, the crimson blush,  
The miracle of morning.

Too soon, too soon, the strength of noon  
O'ercomes thy life's endeavor;  
And heat and cold thy petals fold,  
And blight thy bloom forever.

I love to spy thine azure eye,  
I love thee faded, even:  
Like mine, thy birth is of the earth,  
Though erst they seemed of heaven.

The golden days, the mellow haze,  
The meadows gleaned and hoary,  
Have charms for me, but none like thee,  
Transcendent Morning-Glory.

Soon yields the strife thy gentle life,  
Perfect, yet transitory;  
Though brief, be mine as pure as thine,  
Unsullied Morning-Glory.

Thy beauty's bloom may find a tomb,  
E'en in serene September;  
But long shall I, with tear and sigh,  
Thy loveliness remember.

So, fair and brave may find a grave—  
Asylum ne'er invaded—  
When life's brief hour, like this frail flower,  
Too soon has flushed and faded.

---

## THE VIOLET.

STAR-EYED beauty, dweller low  
By the garden-portico,  
Thou dost spell me by thy power,  
Gentle, unpretending flower.  
Every wind that passeth by,  
Every sunbeam in the sky,  
Each clear drop of morning dew,  
Are a piece and part of you;  
Every wandering element  
Through the boundless ether sent,  
All virtues of the plants and trees,—  
Nature's hidden essences,—  
In thy beauty mingled lie  
By her subtle alchemy.

Flushed with splendor I have seen  
Both the rose and lily queen;  
But no sovereign of the flowers,  
Nor of kingdoms such as ours,  
Can a robe of purple get  
Like my dainty violet.

If Narcissus could but see  
Such a face as shines in thee,  
Well for him had been the hour  
Fate transformed him to a flower.

Peering upward from thy stem,  
Than a monarch's diadem  
Thou art queenlier far to me,  
Princess of humility.  
On the border's fringed edge  
Placed by choicest privilege,  
Mixed with myrtle and with phlox,  
Sweet verbenas, fuschias, box,  
Poppies, pinks, and mignonette,  
Sits my little Violet.

---

## LITTLE DANDELION.

GAY little Dandelion  
Lights up the meads,  
Swings on her slender foot,  
Telleth her beads,  
Lists to the robin's note  
Poured from above:  
Wise little Dandelion  
Cares not for love.

Cold lie the daisy-banks,  
Clad but in green,

Where in the days agoe  
Bright hues were seen.  
Wild pinks are slumbering,  
Violets delay;—  
True little Dandelion  
Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion!  
Fast falls the snow,  
Bending the daffodil's  
Haughty head low.  
Under that fleecy tent,  
Careless of cold,  
Blithe little Dandelion  
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion  
Groweth more fair,  
Till dries the amber dew  
Out from her hair.  
High rides the thirsty sun,  
Fiercely and high,—  
Faint little Dandelion  
Closeth her eye!

Pale little Dandelion,  
In her white shroud,  
Heareth the angel breeze  
Call from the cloud!

Tiny plumes fluttering  
Make no delay!  
Little Winged Dandelion  
Soareth away!

---

## THE SNOW-STORM.

## A SCENE IN A VERMONT WINTER.

Morgan is the name of a peculiar and celebrated breed of horses in Vermont. - The Camel's Hump is a mountain.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter-time,  
As cold as it ever can be:  
The roar of the storm is heard like the chime  
Of the waves on an angry sea.  
The moon is full, but her silver light  
The storm dashes out with his wings to-night,  
And over the sky, from south to north,  
Not a star is seen, as the winds come forth  
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day the snow came down,—all day,—  
As it never came down before,  
And over the earth at night there lay  
Some two or three feet, or more.  
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;  
The windows blocked, and the well-curb gone;  
The haystack grown to a mountain-lift;  
And the woodpile looked like a monster drift,  
As it lay at the farmer's door.

As the night set in, came hail and snow,  
And the air grew sharp and chill,  
And the warning roar of a sullen blow  
Was heard on the distant hill;  
And the norther!—see! on the mountain-peak,  
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!  
He shouts along the plain,—ho! ho!  
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,  
And growls with a savage will!

Such a night as this to be found abroad  
In the snow and the stinging air!  
A shivering dog, in the field by the road,  
When the hail through his shaggy hair  
The wind drives hard, doth crouch and growl,  
And shut his eyes with a dismal howl;  
Then to shield himself from the cutting sleet  
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet:—  
Pray, what does the dog do there?

His master came from the town to-night,  
And lost the travelled way,  
And for hours he trod with main and might  
A path for his horse and sleigh;  
But deeper still the snow-drift grew,  
And colder still the fierce wind blew;  
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,  
At last, o'er log, had floundered down,  
That deep in a huge drift lay.

Many a plunge, with a frenzied snort,  
She made in the heavy snow;  
And her master strove, till his breath grew short,  
With a word and a gentle blow;  
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight,  
His hands were numbed, and had lost their might:  
So he struggled back to his sleigh again,  
And strove to shelter himself, in vain,  
With his coat and his buffalo.

•  
He has given the last faint jerk of the rein  
To rouse up his dying steed,  
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain  
For help in his master's need.  
He strives for a while, with a wistful cry,  
To catch but a glance from his heavy eye,  
And wags his tail if the rude wind flap  
The skirts of his coat across his lap,  
And whines that he takes no heed.

The wind goes down; the storm is o'er;  
'Tis the hour of midnight past;  
The forest writhes and bends no more  
In the rush of the mighty blast.  
The moon looks out with a silver light  
On the high old hills, with the snow all white,  
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,  
Of ledge and tree and ghostly stump,  
On the silent plain are cast.

But there they are—by the hidden log—  
Who came that night from the town,—  
All dead! the man and his faithful dog,  
And his beautiful Morgan brown!  
He sits in his sleigh,—his face is bland,—  
With his cap on his head and the reins in his hand,  
The dog with his head on his master's feet,  
And the horse half seen through the crusted sleet,  
Where she lay when she floundered down.

---

## THE SKATER'S SONG.

Away! away! our fires stream bright  
Along the frozen river,  
And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light  
On the forest-branches quiver.  
Away! away! for the stars are forth,  
And on the pure snows of the valley  
In a giddy trance the moonbeams dance:  
Come, let us our comrades rally.

Away! away o'er the sheeted ice,  
Away! away we go;  
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet  
As deer o'er the Lapland snow.  
What though the sharp north winds are out!  
The skater heeds them not;  
Midst the laugh and shout of the joyous rout,  
Gray winter is forgot.

'Tis a pleasant sight,—the joyous throng  
 In the light of the reddening flame,  
 While with many a wheel on the ringing steel  
 They wage their riotous game.  
 And though the night air cutteth keen,  
 And the white moon shineth coldly,  
 Their homes, I ween, on the hills have been,  
 They should breast the strong blast boldly.

Let others choose more gentle sports,  
 By the side of the winter's hearth,  
 Or 'neath the lamps of the festal hall  
 Seek for their share of mirth.  
 But as for me, away ! away  
 Where the merry skaters be,  
 Where the fresh wind blows, and the smooth ice  
 glows !  
 There is the place for me.

---

## THE EMIGRANT MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

The Clyde is a river in Scotland, flowing towards the west. The cities of Glasgow and Greenock are upon its banks, and towards its mouth it widens into a broad frith, which forms the point of departure of a large number of emigrant-ships proceeding to America.

THE stars shone clear, the wind was chill,  
 And roughly rolled the Clyde,  
 As a ship of Scottish emigrants  
 Swept outward with the tide.

And some were old and very sad,  
Some young and gay of heart,  
And two, a mother and a child,  
Sat mournfully apart.

She was a widow,—by her weeds,  
And by her frequent sighs,  
And by the tears that rose so oft  
Into her soft brown eyes.

She sat upon an ancient chest  
That bore her husband's name,  
And shivered as the landward breeze  
Chill from the ocean came.

And heavy from her daughter's head,  
That on her knees was borne,  
The long hair drooped in golden threads,  
Like tassels of the corn.

“Oh, mother, I am weary now,  
The cold is in my breast:  
Are we still far from the strange land  
Where we shall be at rest?”

“Ah, yes, 'tis very far, my child,  
Off yonder to the west.  
Think of our Lord who died for thee,  
And that will give thee rest.”

"Mother, I see a shining light :

Is that the far-off land ?"

"Those are the stars, my child, thou seest,

So golden and so grand."

"Mother, I hear a holy song :

Does it come from the far-off land ?"

"'Tis the song of the saints in heaven, my child,

Who call thee to that strand."

"Mother, I hear the sound of wings :

Are they birds from the far-off land ?"

"'Tis the wings of the blessed angel, child,

Who'll bear thee in his hand."

"Now take my hand in yours, mother,

My head upon your breast :

The fanning of those gentle wings

Is lulling me to rest."

So when the golden sun arose,

And o'er the waters shone,

There sat the mother motionless,

And she was all alone,—

Alone, and resting her thin cheek

Upon her thin, thin hand.

Her little child had gone before,

Unto the far-off land.

## FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

OVER lane, and roof, and steeple,  
Lies the soft and yielding snow ;  
And, behold ! a crowd of people  
Moving noiseless to and fro,  
Like to gangs of spectres,—people  
Moving noiseless through the snow.

Though the echoes all are voiceless  
To the steps that come and go,  
Every step, however noiseless,  
Leaves a footprint in the snow ;  
And each print, although 'tis voiceless,  
Tells its story to the snow.

Here the steps of youth and maiden,  
Age and manhood,—pleasure, pain,—  
Some whom cares have overladen,  
Some whom care hath sought in vain :—  
Steps of manhood, youth, and maiden,  
Care will follow *not* in vain.

Yonder prints all bleared, uneven,  
Mark some weary pilgrim's shoon :  
After all his sins forgiven,  
May the grave accept him soon,  
He whose steps seem so uneven,—  
May the grave accept him soon !

There are footmarks hard and rigid :  
From their pressure we may know  
One whose heart, as winter frigid,  
Melts not at another's woe.  
But beware ! Wrong, howe'er rigid,  
Right will overtake with woe.

There an impress neat and slender  
Shows where some fair girl hath passed :—  
Heaven preserve a thing so tender !  
Angels, shield her from the blast !  
Heart so frail and form so slender  
Needs be shielded from the blast.

Here a naked foot seems creeping,  
Plainly marked each little toe :  
Has some madcap child been leaping  
From the window in the snow ?  
Ah ! some beggar's boy is creeping,  
Creeping, shivering, through the snow !

While, with whoop and shout bewildering,  
Chasing, racing down the street,  
Here a band of merry children  
Leave the marks of dancing feet :  
To that barefoot child, bewildering  
Are those marks of dancing feet !

Thus upon the prospect dreary,  
Like the child of long ago,

I could gaze for hours, unwearied,  
Counting footprints in the snow,  
Musing o'er the prospect dreary,  
Reading footprints in the snow !

In them lies no unwise moral,—  
Footprints in the melting snow !  
With the soft snow do not quarrel :  
In a little while 'twill go.  
Meanwhile, all may find a moral,  
Reading footprints in the snow.

---

## THE TWO ACORNS.

ON one fair stem two acorns grew,  
Browned by the golden summer weather,  
Together drank the silvery dew,  
Rocked in the lulling air together.

Crown-jewels of the monarch oak,  
A brief, brief time his forehead wore them,  
For the black tempest came and broke  
The leaf-fringed diadem that bore them.

When the wild storm at length was past,  
A maiden through the forest hieing,  
Chancing around her eye to cast,  
Found the twin acorns lowly lying.

She picked them up with gentle hand,  
A lesson from their fate to borrow,  
Emblem of the enduring band  
Which joins fond hearts unchanged by sorrow,

And said, "When suns no longer shine,  
And the red rose of joy is blighted,  
Oh that some heart would beat with mine,  
True to the last, and still united!"

---

## SPRING.

SHE comes at last,—the soft, sweet Spring!  
Once more the birds begin to sing,  
Again the fragrant flowers fling  
Their sweetness on the air;  
The bright waves sparkle on the hills,  
And murmur in the brooks and rills;  
The air with sweetest music fills,  
And flowering fields are fair.

All blessings on sweet Spring, which brings  
Such happiness to earthly things,  
Such joy upon her golden wings,  
Such blessings in her train!  
Her face with hope lights up our dreams,  
And in our souls her sweet smile gleams,  
And we grow glad in her bright beams;  
For Spring has come again.

## THE GARDENER AND THE ROSE-TREE.

Lines addressed to a mother on the occasion of the death of  
her infant child.

IN a sweet spot which wisdom chose,  
Grew an unique and lovely rose :  
A flower so fair was seldom borne,—  
A rose almost without a thorn.  
Each passing stranger stopped to view  
A plant possessing charms so new.  
“*Sweet flower !*” each lip was heard to say,—  
Nor less the owner pleased than they ;  
Reared by his hand with constant care,  
And planted in his choice parterre,  
Of all his garden this the pride,  
No flower so much admired beside.  
Nor did the rose unconscious bloom,  
Nor feel ungrateful for the boon ;  
Oft as her guardian came that way,  
Whether at dawn or eve of day,  
Expanded wide, her form unveiled,  
She double fragrance then exhaled.  
As months rolled on, the Spring appeared,  
Its genial rays the rose matured ;  
Forth from its root a *shoot* extends,—  
The parent rose-tree downward bends,  
And, with a joy unknown before,  
Contemplates the yet embryo flower.

“Offspring most dear,” she fondly said,  
“Part of myself! beneath my shade  
Safe shalt thou rise, whilst happy I,  
Transported with maternal joy,  
Shall see thy little buds appear,  
Unfold, and bloom in beauty here;  
What though the Lily, or Jonquil,  
Or Hyacinth, no longer fill  
The space around me?—*all* shall be  
Abundantly made up in *thee*.

“What though my present charms decay,  
And passing strangers no more say  
Of *me*, ‘Sweet flower!’—yet *thou* shalt raise  
Thy blooming head, and gain the praise;  
And this reverberated pleasure  
Shall be to me a world of treasure.  
Cheerful I part with former merit,  
That *it* my darling may inherit.  
Haste, then, the hours which bid thee bloom  
And fill the zephyrs with perfume!”

Thus had the rose-tree scarcely spoken,  
Ere the sweet cup of bliss was broken.  
The gardener came, and with one stroke  
He from the root the offspring took,—  
Took from the soil wherein it grew,  
And hid it from the parent’s view.

Judge ye, who know a parent’s cares  
For the dear, tender babe she bears,

The mother's anguish,—ye alone  
Such sad vicissitudes have known.  
Deep was the wound, nor slight the pain,  
Which made the rose-tree thus complain :  
“Dear little darling! art thou gone,—  
Thy charms scarce to thy mother known?  
Removed so soon,—so suddenly  
Snatched from my fond maternal eye!  
What hast thou done, dear offspring, say,  
So early to be snatched away?  
What! gone *forever*! seen *no more*!  
*Forever* I thy loss deplore.

“Ye dews, descend, with tears supply  
My now forever tearful eye;  
Or, rather, come some northern blast,  
Dislodge my yielding roots in haste;  
Whirlwinds, arise, my branches tear,  
And to some distant region bear,  
Far from this spot, a wretched mother,  
Whose fruit and joys have gone together.”

As thus the anguished rose-tree cried,  
Her owner near her she espied;  
Who in these gentle terms reproved  
A plant, though murmuring, still beloved :—

“Cease, beauteous flower, these useless cries,  
And let my lessons make thee wise.

Art thou not mine? Did not my hand  
Transplant thee from the barren sand,  
Where once, a mean, unsightly plant,  
Exposed to injury and want,  
Unknown and unadmired, I found,  
And brought thee to this fertile ground,  
With studious care improved thy form,  
Secured thee from the inclement storm,  
And through the seasons of the year  
Made thee my unabating care?  
Hast thou not blest thy happy lot  
In such an owner,—such a spot?  
But now, because thy shoot I've taken,  
Thy best of friends must be forsaken.

“Know, flower beloved, e'en this affliction  
Shall prove to thee a benediction.  
Had I not the young plant removed,  
So fondly by thy heart beloved,  
Of *me* thy heart would scarce have thought,  
With gratitude no more be fraught;  
Yea, thine own beauty were at stake,  
Surrendered for thine offspring's sake.  
Nor think that hidden from thine eyes  
The infant plant neglected lies:  
No: I've *another garden*, where,  
In richer soil and purer air,  
It's now transplanted, there to shine  
In beauties fairer far than thine.

Nor shalt thou always be apart  
From the dear darling of thy heart;  
For 'tis my purpose thee to bear  
In future time, and plant thee there,  
Where now thy absent offset grows  
And blossoms a *Celestial Rose*.

“Be patient, then, till that set hour shall come,  
When thou and thine shall in new beauty bloom.  
No more its absence shalt thou then deplore,  
Together grow, and ne'er be parted more.”  
These words to silence hushed the plaintive rose,  
With deeper blushes reddening now she grows,  
Submissive bowed her unrepining head,  
Again her wonted, grateful fragrance shed,  
Cried, “Thou hast taken only what's thine own;  
Therefore 'thy will,' my lord, not mine, be done.”

---

## PERSEVERANCE.

A SWALLOW, in the spring,  
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves  
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring  
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled,  
With patient art; but, ere her work was crowned,  
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,  
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought;  
But, not cast down, forth from the place she flew,  
And, with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought,  
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed  
The last soft feather on its ample floor,  
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,  
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,  
And toiled again;—and last night, hearing calls,  
I looked, and, lo! three little swallows slept  
Within the earth-made walls!

What truth is here, O man!  
Hath Hope been smitten in its early dawn?  
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?  
Have FAITH, and struggle on!

---

### THE MANIAC.

HARK! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale  
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail!  
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,  
Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that  
bore,  
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,  
Clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening  
gaze.

Poor widowed wretch! 'Twas then she wept in  
vain,  
Till memory fled her agonizing brain.  
But mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,  
Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow.  
Warm on her heart the joys of fancy beam,  
And aimless hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft, when the moon has climbed the midnight sky,  
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,  
Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn,  
To hail the bark that never can return.

---

### THE CRADLE.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,  
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;  
She, while the sleeping babe unconscious lies,  
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,  
And weaves a song of melancholy joy:—  
“Sleep, image of thy father; sleep, my boy.”

---

### WATCH, MOTHER!

MOTHER, watch the little feet  
Climbing o'er the garden-wall,  
Bounding through the busy street,  
Ranging cellar, shed, and hall.

Never count the moments lost,  
Never mind the time it costs :  
Little feet will go astray ;  
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little tongue  
Prattling eloquent and wild,  
What is said, and what is sung,  
By the happy, joyous child.  
Catch the word while yet unspoken ;  
Stop the vow before 'tis broken :  
This same tongue may yet proclaim  
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little hand  
Picking berries by the way,  
Making houses in the sand,  
Tossing up the fragrant hay.  
Never dare the question ask,  
" Why to me this weary task ?"  
These same little hands may prove  
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little heart  
Beating soft and warm for you ;  
Wholesome lessons now impart ;  
Keep, oh, keep that young heart true,  
Extricating every weed,  
Sowing good and precious seed :  
Harvest rich you then may see  
Ripening for eternity.

## A WISH..

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;  
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;  
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall, shall wander near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew,  
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,  
Where first our marriage-vows were given,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taper spire to heaven.

---

THE WIND AT MIDNIGHT.

MOURNFULLY, oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth sigh,  
Like some sweet, plaintive melody  
Of ages long gone by :

It speaks a tale of other years,  
Of hopes that bloomed to die,  
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,  
And loves that mouldering lie.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth moan :  
It stirs some chord of memory  
In each dull, heavy tone :  
The voices of the much-loved dead  
Seem floating thereupon,—  
All, all my fond heart cherished  
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth swell,  
With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,  
Hope's sorrowful farewell  
To the dreamy joys of early years,  
Ere yet grief's canker fell  
On the heart's bloom. Ah ! well may tears  
Start at that parting knell.

---

## OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view:  
We saw not the angels who met him there,  
The gates of the city we could not see;  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another, the household pet:  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,—  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark:  
We know she is safe on the farther side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be:  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,  
And, lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,  
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye.  
We may not sunder the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day,

We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale  
To the better shore of the spirit-land;  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

---

### THE BIRD IN PRISON.

The brother alluded to by the speaker had been his fellow-prisoner, but had pined away and died in the dungeon. The place of confinement was the Castle of Chillon, which stands on the shore of the Lake of Geneva.

A LIGHT broke in upon my brain!  
It was the carol of a bird:  
It ceased, and then it came again,—  
The sweetest song ear ever heard.

And mine was thankful till my eyes  
Ran over with the glad surprise.  
And they that moment could not see  
I was the mate of misery.

But then by dull degrees came back  
My senses to their wonted track :  
I saw the dungeon walls and floor  
Close slowly round me, as before ;  
I saw the glimmer of the sun  
Creeping as it before had done ;  
But through the crevice where it came  
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,  
And tamer than upon a tree ;  
A lovely bird, with azure wings,  
And song that said a thousand things,  
And seemed to say them all for me.  
I never saw its like before,  
I ne'er shall see its likeness more :  
It seemed, like me, to want a mate,  
But was not half so desolate ;  
And it was come to love me, when  
None lived to love me so again,  
And, cheering, from my dungeon's brink  
Had brought me back to feel and think.

I know not if it late were free,  
Or broke its cage to perch on mine ;  
But, knowing well captivity,  
Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine—

Or if it were, in wingéd guise,  
 A visitant from Paradise ;  
 For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while  
 Which made me both to weep and smile—  
 I sometimes deemed that it might be  
 My brother's soul come down to me :  
 But then at last away it flew,  
 And then 'twas mortal, well I knew.  
 For *he* would never thus have flown—  
 And left me twice, so doubly lone.

---

## THE PRISONER'S OUTLOOK UPON THE WORLD.

The Castle of Chillon—where the prisoner (the same with the one supposed to be the speaker in the last piece) was confined—stands on the margin of the Lake of Geneva, at the foot of stupendous snow-covered mountains, and near the point where the river Rhone empties into the lake. The small green isle, with the three tall trees standing upon it, rises out of the waters of the lake in view from the castle, and is an object of great interest at the present day to all tourists passing the spot in the steamers that ply on the lake, on account of the allusion to it in these lines of Byron.

I MADE a footing in the wall :  
 It was not therefrom to escape,  
 For I had buried one and all  
 Who loved me in a human shape ;  
 And the whole earth would thenceforth be  
 A wider prison unto me.

No child, no sire, no kin, had I,  
 No partner in my misery.  
 I thought of this, and I was glad,  
 For thought of them had made me mad.  
 But I was curious to ascend  
 To my barred windows, and to bend  
 Once more upon the mountains high  
 The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them, and they were the same :  
 They were not changed, like me, in frame.  
 I saw their thousand years of snow  
 On high, their wide, long lake below,  
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;  
 I heard the torrents leap and gush  
 O'er channelled rock and broken bush ;  
 I saw the white-walled, distant town,  
 And whiter sails go skimming down ;  
 And then there was a little isle  
 Which in my very face did smile,—  
     The only one in view,—  
 A small green isle, it seemed no more,  
 Scarce broader than my dungeon-floor,  
 But in it there were three tall trees,  
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
 And by it there were waters flowing,  
 And on it there were young flowers growing,  
     Of gentle breath and hue.  
 The fish swam by the castle wall,  
 And they seemed joyous each and all.

The eagle rode the rising blast,  
 Methought he never flew so fast  
 As then to me he seemed to fly;  
 And then new tears came in my eye,  
 And I felt troubled, and would fain  
 I had not left my recent chain;  
 And when I did descend again,  
 The darkness of my dim abode  
 Fell on me as a heavy load.  
 It was as is a new-dug grave  
 Closing o'er one we sought to save;  
 And yet my glance, too much opprest,  
 Had almost need of such a rest.

---

## THE PRISONER'S ADDRESS TO THE ROBIN.

WELCOME, pretty little stranger,  
 Welcome to my lone retreat!  
 Here, secure from every danger,  
 Hop about, and chirp, and eat.  
 Robin, how I envy thee,  
 Happy child of liberty!

Now, though tyrant winter, howling,  
 Shakes the world with tempests round,  
 Heaven above with vapors scowling,  
 Frost imprisons all the ground,  
 Robin, what are these to thee?  
 Thou art blest with liberty.

Though yon fair, majestic river  
Mourns in solid, icy chains,  
Though the flocks and cattle shiver  
On the desolated plains,  
Robin, thou art gay and free,  
Happy in thy liberty.

Hunger never shall distress thee  
While my stores one crumb afford ;  
Colds nor cramps shall ne'er oppress thee ;  
Come and share my humble board.  
Robin, come and live with me ;  
\*Live yet still in liberty.

Soon shall spring, in smiles and blushes,  
Steal upon the blooming year ;  
Then upon the enamored bushes  
Thy sweet song shall warble clear.  
Then shall I too, joined with thee,  
Swell the hymn of liberty.

---

## THE DYING SOLDIER TO HIS MOTHER.

“ Kiss my little brother and my sisters, and tell them I died  
for my country.”

ON the field of battle, mother,  
All the night alone I lay,  
Angels watching o'er me, mother,  
Till the breaking of the day.

I lay thinking of you, mother,  
And the loving ones at home,  
Till to our dear cottage, mother,  
Boy again, I seemed to come.

HE to whom you taught me, mother,  
On my infant knee to pray,  
Kept my heart from fainting, mother,  
When the vision passed away.  
In the gray of morning, mother,  
Comrades bore me to the town ;  
From my bosom tender fingers  
Washed the blood that trickled down.

I must soon be going, mother,  
Going to the home of rest :  
Kiss me as of old, my mother,  
Press me nearer to your breast.  
Would I could repay you, mother,  
For your faithful love and care !  
God uphold and bless you, mother,  
In this bitter woe you bear !

Kiss for me my little brother,  
Kiss my sisters, loved so well :  
When you sit together, mother,  
Tell them how their brother fell.  
Tell to them the story, mother,  
When I sleep beneath the sod,  
That I died to save my country,  
All from love to her and God.

Leaning on the merit, mother,  
Of the ONE who died for all,  
Peace is in my bosom, mother:—  
Hark! I hear the angels call!  
Don't you hear them singing, mother?  
Listen to the music's swell!  
Now I leave you, loving mother:—  
God be with you!—fare you well!

---

## THE PEACOCK;

OR, "FINE FEATHERS DO NOT MAKE FINE BIRDS."

A PEACOCK came, with plumage gay,  
Before a cottage-door, one day,  
Beneath a little bird, whose song  
From out his cage had charmed the throng.  
As vainly thus the peacock stood,  
The songster cheered the neighborhood;  
E'en while the one, in colors bright,  
Displayed his plumage to the sight,  
The other sung, in sweetest words,  
"Fine feathers do not make fine birds."

The peacock strove, but quite in vain,  
Each person's praise himself to gain;  
But still the warbler in his cage  
Did every ear and eye engage.  
And now the bird of rainbow wing  
Attempts himself, alas! to sing;

And they who owned his beauty bright,  
Disgusted by his screams, took flight:  
The other sung, in sweetest words,  
“Fine feathers do not make fine birds.”

Then take the warning, ladies fair,  
And of the peacock's fate beware;  
Nor wealth nor rank can win your way,  
Howe'er attired in plumage gay;  
Some means to charm you all must know,  
Apart from dress and outward show,—  
Some talent, grace, some gift of mind,—  
Or beauty vain must fall behind,  
While others sing, in truthful words,  
“*Fine feathers do not make fine birds.*”

---

## NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest :

How sweet, when labors close,  
To gather round an aching breast  
The curtains of repose,  
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head  
Down on our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams,—

The gay romance of life,  
When truth that is, and truth that seems,  
Mix in fantastic strife.

Ah! visions less beguiling far  
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time to pray.

Our Saviour oft withdrew  
To desert mountains, far away:

So will his followers do,—  
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,  
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death,—

When all around is peace,  
Calmly to yield the parting breath,  
From sin and suffering cease,  
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign  
To parting friends. Such death be mine!

## THE BENIGHTED TRAVELLER IN WINTER.

God help thee, traveller, on thy journey far!

The wind is bitter keen. The snow o'erlays  
The hidden pits and dangerous hollow ways,  
And darkness will involve thee. No kind star  
To-night will guide the traveller, and the war  
Of winds and elements on thy head will break,  
And in thy agonizing ear the shriek  
Of spirits howling in their stormy car

Will often ring appalling. I portend  
A dismal night; and, on my wakeful bed,  
Thoughts, traveller, of thee will fill my head,  
And him who rides where winds and waves contend,  
And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide  
His lonely bark through the tempestuous tide.

---

## BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion  
Lay dying in Algiers:  
There was lack of woman's nursing,  
There was dearth of woman's tears;  
But a comrade stood beside him,  
While his life-blood ebbed away,  
And bent, with pitying glances,  
To hear what he might say.  
The dying soldier faltered  
As he took that comrade's hand,  
And said, "I never more shall see  
My own, my native land.  
Take a message and a token  
To some distant friends of mine:  
For I was born at Bingen,  
At Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions,  
When they meet and crowd around

To hear my mournful story  
In the pleasant vineyard ground,  
That we fought the battle bravely,  
And, when the day was done,  
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale  
Beneath the setting sun ;  
And midst the dead and dying  
Were some grown old in wars,  
The death-wound on their gallant breasts,  
The last of many scars.  
But some were young, and suddenly  
Beheld life's morn decline ;  
And one had come from Bingen,  
Fair Bingen on the Rhine !

"Tell my mother that her other sons  
Shall comfort her old age ;  
And I was aye a truant bird,  
That thought his home a cage ;  
For my father was a soldier,  
And, even as a child,  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell  
Of struggles fierce and wild ;  
And when he died, and left us  
To divide his scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they would,  
But kept my father's sword ;  
And, with boyish love, I hung it  
Where the bright light used to shine  
On the cottage-wall at Bingen  
Calm Bingen on the Rhine !

“Tell my sister not to weep for me,  
And sob with drooping head,  
When the troops are marching home again  
With glad and gallant tread,  
But to look upon them proudly  
With a calm and steadfast eye;  
For her brother was a soldier too,  
And not afraid to die.  
And if a comrade seek her love,  
I ask her, in my name,  
To listen to him kindly,  
Without regret or shame,  
And to hang the old sword in its place,  
My father’s sword and mine,  
For the honor of old Bingen,  
Dear Bingen on the Rhine!

“There’s ANOTHER,—not a sister:  
In the happy days gone by  
You’d have known her by the merriment  
That sparkled in her eye,—  
Too innocent for coquetry,  
Too fond for idle scorning.  
Oh, friend, I fear the lightest heart  
Makes sometimes heaviest mourning!  
Tell her the last night of my life—  
For, ere this moon be risen,  
My body will be out of pain,  
My soul be out of prison—

I dreamed I stood with HER, and saw  
The yellow sunlight shine  
On the vine-clad hill of Bingen,  
Fair Bingen on the Rhine!

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along;  
I heard, or seemed to hear,  
The German songs we used to sing,  
In chorus sweet and clear;  
And down the pleasant river,  
And up the slanting hill,  
That echoing chorus sounded through  
The evening calm and still;  
And her glad blue eyes were on me  
As we passed, with friendly talk,  
Down many a path beloved of yore  
And well-remembered walk,  
And her little hand lay lightly,  
Confidingly, in mine.  
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,  
Loved Bingen on the Rhine!”

His voice grew faint and hoarser;  
His grasp was childish, weak;  
His eyes put on a dying look;  
He sighed, and ceased to speak.  
His comrade bent to lift him,  
But the spark of life had fled:  
The soldier of the Legion  
In a foreign land was dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly,  
And calmly she looked down  
On the red sand of the battle-field,  
With bloody corpses strewn;  
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene  
Her pale light seemed to shine  
As it shone on distant Bingen,  
Fair Bingen on the Rhine!

---

## BISHOP HATTO.

## A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Near the town of Bingen, on the Rhine, where the river flows for some miles through a deep and sombre ravine, the declivities of which are walled up on both sides of the river into terraces for vineyards, there is a small island, on which are seen, at the present day, the ruins of an old tower, which is called Bishop Hatto's tower, the legend connected with which is given in the following ballad.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet  
That in winter the corn was growing yet.  
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around  
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor  
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door;  
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,  
And all the neighborhood could tell  
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
To quiet the poor without delay:  
He bade them to his great barn repair,  
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced at such tidings good to hear,  
The poor folk flocked from far and near:  
The great barn was full as it could hold  
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when they saw it could hold no more,  
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,  
And, while for mercy on Christ they call,  
He set fire to the barn and burned them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire," quoth he;  
"And the country is greatly obliged to me  
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,  
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,  
And he sat down to supper merrily;  
And he slept that night like an innocent man;  
But Bishop Hatto ne'er slept again.

When in the morning he entered the hall,  
Where his picture hung against the wall,  
A sweat like death all over him came;  
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm,  
He had a countenance white with alarm :  
“ My lord, I opened your stores this morn,  
And the rats had eaten all your corn.”

Another came running presently,  
And he was as pale as pale could be :  
“ Fly, my lord bishop! fly!” quoth he ;  
“ Ten thousand rats are coming this way,—  
The Lord forgive you for yesterday !”

“ I’ll go to my tower on the Rhine,” replied he ;  
“ ’Tis the safest place in Germany.  
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,  
And the stream is strong, and the water deep.”

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,  
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,  
And reached his tower, and barred with care  
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes ;  
But soon a scream made him arise :—  
He started, and saw two eyes of flame  
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked ; it was only the cat :  
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that ;  
For she sat screaming mad with fear  
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,  
And they have climbed the shores so steep,  
And now by thousands up they crawl  
To the holes and windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,  
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,  
As louder and louder, drawing near,  
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,  
And through the walls, by thousands they pour,  
And down through the ceiling, and up through  
the floor,  
From the right and the left, from behind and  
before,  
From within and without, from above and below;  
And all at once at the bishop they go.

They whetted their teeth against the stones,  
And picked and cracked the bishop's bones;  
They gnawed the flesh from every limb;  
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

---

### THE BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own  
In the blue summer ocean, far off and alone,  
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,  
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of  
flowers,—

Where the sun loves to pause  
With so fond a delay  
That the night only draws  
A thin veil o'er the day,—  
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,  
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give!

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,  
We should love as they loved in the first golden  
time;  
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,  
Would steal to our hearts and make all summer  
there!

With affection as free  
From decline as the bowers,  
And with hope, like the bee,  
Living always on flowers,  
Our life should resemble a long day of light,  
And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

---

## THE SEA! THE SEA!

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;  
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !  
I am where I would ever be,—  
With the blue above and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go :  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love—oh, *how* I love !—to ride  
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest-tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,  
But I loved the great sea more and more,  
And backward flew to her billowy breast,  
Like bird that seeketh her mother's nest ;  
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me,  
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born ;  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold,  
And never was heard such an outcry wild  
As welcomed to life the ocean child.

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,

With wealth to spend, and a power to range,  
But never have sought nor sighed for change;  
And death, whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

---

## DRACHENFELS.

The ancient castle of Drachenfels forms one of the most picturesque and striking ruins for which the banks of the Rhine are so celebrated. It always attracts greatly the attention of travellers, the more so because it is situated near the commencement of the mountainous portions of the Rhine scenery, and is, of course, one of the first objects of the kind to attract the attention of tourists in ascending the river.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels

Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine.  
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,  
And scattered cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them shine,  
Have strewed a scene which I should see  
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant-girls, with dark-blue eyes,  
And hands which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise :  
Above, the frequent feudal towers

Through green fields lift their walls of gray :  
And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
And noble arch in proud decay,  
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers.  
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine.

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round.  
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound  
Through life to dwell delighted here;  
Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To nature and to me so dear,  
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,  
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

---

## REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how beneath the moonbeam's smile  
Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for a while,  
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on time's eventful sea,  
And, having swelled a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity.

## THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,  
I lay me down in peace to sleep;  
Secure I rest upon the wave,  
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.  
I know thou wilt not slight my call,  
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;  
And calm and tranquil is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,  
Or though the tempest's fiery breath  
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death,  
In ocean-cave still safe with thee  
The germ of immortality,  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

---

## THE PILOT.

OH, pilot, 'tis a fearful night;  
There's danger on the deep:  
I'll come and pace the deck with thee;  
I do not dare to sleep.

"Go down," the sailor cried, "go down!  
This is no place for thee:  
Fear not, but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou mayst be."

Ah, pilot, dangers often met  
We all are apt to slight;  
And thou hast known these raging waves  
But to subdue their might.

"It is not apathy," he cried,  
"That gives this strength to me:  
Fear not, but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou mayst be."

"On such a night the sea engulfed  
My father's lifeless form;  
My only brother's boat went down  
In just so wild a storm.  
And such, perhaps, may be my fate;  
But still I say to thee,  
Fear not, but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou mayst be."

---

### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

SAID Stiggings to his wife, one day,  
"We've nothing left to eat:  
If things go on in this queer way,  
We sha'n't make both ends meet."

The dame replied, in words discreet,  
"We're not so badly fed  
If we can make but *one* end *meat*,  
And make the other bread."

---

## THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SEA.

Whitechapel turnpike and Cumberland are places at the extreme ends of the city of London. Shell Ness Point, Herne Bay, and the Nore are points situated at the mouth of the Thames, that are passed by sailing-parties in making excursions down the river, and where they first meet the sea. Any good map of England will show the situation of the places.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!  
That is the place where we all wish to be,  
Rolling about on it merrily.  
    So all sing and say  
    By night and by day,  
In the boudoir, the street, at the concert and play,  
In a sort of coxcomical roundelay.  
You may roam through the city, transversely or  
    straight,  
From Whitechapel turnpike to Cumberland Gate,  
And every young lady who thrums a guitar,  
Every moustached shopman who smokes a cigar,  
    With affected devotion,  
    Promulgates his notion  
Of being a "rover," and "child of the ocean."  
Whatever their age, sex, or condition may be,  
They all of them long for the "wide, wide sea."

But, however they dote,  
Only set them afloat  
In any craft bigger at all than a boat,  
Take them down to the Nore,  
And you'll see that before  
The "wessel" they "woyage" in has made half her  
way  
Between Shell Ness Point and the pier at Herne  
Bay,  
Let the wind meet the tide in the slightest degree,  
They'll be all of them heartily sick of the sea.

---

## THE LANDSMAN'S SONG.

OH, who would be bound to the barren sea,  
If he could dwell on land,  
Where his step is ever both firm and free,  
Where flowers arise,  
Like sweet girls' eyes,  
And rivulets sing,  
Like birds in spring?  
For me, I will take my stand  
On land! on land!  
For ever and ever on solid land!

I've sailed on the riotous roaring sea,  
With an undaunted band;  
Yet my village home more pleaseth me,  
With its valley gay,  
Where maidens stray,

And its grassy mead,  
Where the white flocks feed :  
And so I will take my stand  
On land, on land !  
For ever and ever on solid land !

---

## SPELLING-LESSON RIDDLE.

BE nothing before ten !  
What then ?  
That is the way to spell a word  
You've often heard.  
If you can tell what that will spell,  
I think you know your lesson well.

## ANSWER.

Be nothing is B O,  
You must know,  
And ten is X ;  
And that makes Box.

---

## TRUST NOT TO APPEARANCES.

EARLY one day in leafy June,  
When brooks and birds were all in tune,  
A Quaker, on a palfrey brown,  
Was riding over Horsley Down.

Though he could see no houses near,  
He trotted on without a fear;  
For not a thief upon the road  
Would guess where he his cash had stowed.

As thus he went,—that Quaker sly,—  
Another Quaker trotted by.  
“Stop, brother,” said the first; “the weather  
Is pleasant: let us chat together.”

“Nay,” said the stranger, “knowest thou not  
That this is a suspected spot,—  
That robbers here resort, my brother?”—  
“A fig for robbers!” said the other:

“I’ve all my money in a note,  
And that is hid—not in my coat,—  
But—” — “Where?” the other asked. — “Be-  
hold!”—

“What! in your shoe?”—“The secret’s told!

“You see, it has a double sole:  
Within that I have hid the whole.  
Now, where’s the robber who would think  
Of ever looking there for chink?”

“Here!” cried the stranger; “so dismount,  
And straightway render an account.  
I’m Captain Bibb, the robber trim:  
So hand your money quick to him!

“Don’t tremble: all you’ve got to do,  
You know, is to take off your shoe;  
And for your money I will give  
Advice shall serve you while you live.

“Don’t take each broad-brim chance may send,  
Though plain his collar, for a Friend;  
Don’t trust in gentleman or clown  
While riding over Horsley Down.”

---

+  
FAIR-WEATHER FRIENDS.

WHEN fortune smiles and looks serene,  
’Tis, “Sir, pray, how d’ye do?  
Your family are well, I hope?  
Can I serve them, or you?”

But turn the scale,—let fortune frown,  
And ills or woes betide ye,—  
’Tis, “Sir, I’m sorry for your loss,  
But times are hard:—good-bye t’ye.”

---

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE.

A MISER, traversing his house,  
Espied, unusual there, a mouse,  
And thus his uninvited guest,  
Briskly inquisitive, addressed:

"Tell me, my dear, to what cause *is* it  
I owe this unexpected visit?"  
The mouse her host obliquely eyed,  
And, smiling, pleasantly replied,  
"Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard!  
I come to *lodge*, and not to *board*!"

---

## THE WIG, CANE, AND HAT.

By the side of a murmuring stream  
An elderly gentleman sat;  
On the top of his head was his wig,  
On the top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong,  
As this elderly gentleman sat;  
And it bore from his head in a trice,  
And plunged in the river, his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane,  
That lay by his side as he sat,  
And he dropped in the river his wig,  
In attempting to get out his hat.

His bosom was filled with despair  
And vexation and rage to see that:  
So he flung in the river his cane  
To follow his wig and his hat.



WIG, CANE, AND HAT.



Reflection at length came across,  
As this elderly gentleman sat,  
And he thought he would follow the stream,  
To look for his wig, cane, and hat.

But soon in his hurry he stumbled  
At a place where the bank was not flat,  
And in the old gentleman tumbled,  
To swim with his wig, cane, and hat.

---

MIDNIGHT.

## A SONNET.

This and the two following sonnets were written by the celebrated young poet Henry Kirke White, while pursuing his studies at college, though sick with consumption and about to die.

'Tis midnight. On the globe dead slumber sits,  
And all is silence, in the hour of sleep,  
Save when the hollow gust, that swells by fits,  
In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep.  
I wake, alone, to listen and to weep,  
To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn,  
And, as still Memory does her vigils keep,  
To think of days that never can return.  
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,  
My eye surveys the solitary gloom,  
And the sad meaning tear, unmixed with dread,  
Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb.  
Like thee I wane; like thine, my life's last ray  
Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away!

## APPROACHING DEATH.

## A SONNET.

YES, 'twill be over soon. This sickly dream  
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain,  
And death my wearied spirit will redeem  
From this wild region of unvaried pain.  
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,  
Yon landscape smile, yon golden harvest grow,  
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar,  
When Henry's name is heard no more below.  
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,  
They laugh in health, and future evils brave:  
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless  
While I am mouldering in the silent grave.  
God of the just! thou gavest the bitter cup:  
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

## FANNY.

## A SONNET.

The following lines refer to a young lady whom he loved, and  
who died before him.

FANNY! upon thy breast I may not lie!  
Fanny! thou dost not hear me when I speak.  
Where art thou, love? Around I turn my eye,  
And, as I turn, the tear is on my cheek.

Was it a dream? or did my love behold

Indeed my lonely couch? Methought the breath  
Fanned not her bloodless lip; her eye was cold  
And hollow; and the livery of death

Invested her pale forehead. Sainted maid!

My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave,  
Through the long wintry night, when wind and  
wave

Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.

Yet hush! my fond heart, hush! There is a shore  
Of better promise; and I know, at last,

When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,  
We two shall meet in Christ,—to part no more.

---

### ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Nearly all Henry Kirke White's plans of life were doomed to be disappointed; and when he saw his hopes, one after another, vanishing before him, and felt that all must be given up,—ambition, love, and even life,—he wrote the following lines to express his resignation to the divine will. No one can appreciate fully the force and beauty of them except those who are suffering, or who have suffered, bitter disappointment, and who also feel, mingled with the sorrow and pain they endure, a spirit of calm and happy resignation and submission to the divine will.

COME, Disappointment, come!

Not in thy terrors clad;

Come in thy meekest, saddest guise:

Thy chastening rod but terrifies

The restless and the bad.

But I recline  
Beneath thy shrine,  
And on my brow, resigned, thy peaceful cypress  
twine.

Though Fancy flies away  
Before thy hollow tread,  
Yet Meditation in her cell  
Hears, with faint eye, the lingering knell  
That tells her hopes are dead.  
And though the tear  
By chance appear,  
Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come!  
Though from hope's summit hurled,  
Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,  
For thou, severe, wert sent from heaven  
To wean me from the world,  
To turn my eye  
From vanity,  
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene?  
A peevish April day;  
A little sun, a little rain,  
And then night sweeps along the plain  
And all things fade away.  
Man, soon discussed,  
Yields up his trust,  
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Oh, what is beauty's power?

It flourishes and dies :

Will the cold earth its silence break  
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek  
Beneath its surface lies ?

Mute, mute is all

O'er beauty's fall ;

Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her  
pall.

The most beloved on earth

Not long survives to-day ;

So, music past is obsolete,

And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet ;

But now 'tis gone away.

Thus does the shade

In memory fade

When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

Then, since this world is vain

And volatile and fleet,

Why should I lay up earthly joys,

Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,

And cares and sorrows eat ?

Why fly from ill

With anxious skill,

When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing  
heart be still ?

Come, Disappointment, come !

Thou art not stern to me :

Sad monitress, I own thy sway,

A votary sad, in early day,

I bend my knee to thee.

From sun to sun

My race will run.

I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done.

---

## THE FORSAKEN.

### A WINTER PIECE.

It was a winter's evening, and fast came down the  
snow,

And keenly o'er the dreary heath the bitter blast  
did blow,

When a damsel, all forlorn, quite bewildered in her  
way,

Pressed her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did  
say :—

“Oh, cruel was my father, that shut his door on me,  
And cruel was my mother, that such a sight could  
see,

And cruel is the wintry wind, that chills my heart  
with cold ;

But crueller than all the lad that left my love for  
gold.

“Hush, hush, my darling baby, and warm thee in  
my breast:

Ah, little thinks thy father how sadly we’re dis-  
trest;

For, cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,  
He’d shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing  
air.

“Cold! cold! my dearest jewel, thy little life is  
gone:

Oh, let my tears revive thee, so warm they trickle  
down,—

My tears that gush so warm, oh, they freeze before  
they fall.

Ah, wretched, wretched mother! thou’rt now bereft  
of all.”

Then down she sank, despairing, upon the drifted  
snow,

And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud  
her woe;

She kissed her babe’s pale lips, and laid it by her  
side,

Then cast her eyes to heaven, and bowed her head,  
and died.

---

### THE REFORMED LAPDOG.

A RICH old lady’s pampered dog  
Lay on his cushion like a log.

Sick with indulgences and ease,  
And cross, and difficult to please,  
So fat and lazy was he grown,  
Scarce could he waddle up and down.

Minions who cease to be protected  
May soon expect to be neglected.  
Old madam died; and then poor Tray  
Was cuffed and kicked, and sent away.  
A laborer in the neighborhood,  
To whom the lady had been good,  
Received him in his little shed,  
Where, hardly lodged and scantily fed,  
Air, exercise, and temperate board  
Tray's health and spirits soon restored.  
Contented in a cottage more  
Than with his luxuries before,  
His playful tricks and ready glee  
Delighted all the family.

O parents, heed the lapdog's fate,  
And check, before it is too late,  
The hand that to the young would give  
The means luxuriously to live.  
Ease, indolence, and dainty fare  
Their health and vigor must impair.  
The tempting food, the pampered state,  
Must soon a thousand ills create.  
To make us what we ought to be,  
No school is like adversity.

## THE SNAIL.

In some parts of England the peasant-girls have a notion that if they find a snail on May-day, and place him on the hearth, previously covered with white ashes spread over it, in crawling away he will make a track that will rudely represent the first letter in the name of their lover.

LAST Mayday fair I searched to find a snail,  
That might my secret lover's name reveal:  
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,  
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.  
I seized the captive; home I quickly sped,  
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.  
Slow crawled the snail, and, if I right can spell,  
In the soft ashes marked a curious L.  
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!  
For L is found in Luberkin and Love.  
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

---

THE MIMIC.

A MIMIC I knew, who, to give him his due,  
Was exceeded by none and was equalled by few.

He could bark like a dog; he could grunt like a  
hog;  
Nay, I really believe he could croak like a frog.

Then, as for a bird, you may trust to my word,  
'Twas the best imitation that ever you heard.

It must be confessed that he copied birds best :  
You'd have thought he had lived all his life in a nest.

It happened, one day, that he came in the way  
Of a sportsman,—an excellent marksman, they say.

And near a stone wall, with his little bird-call,  
The mimic attempted to imitate all.

So well did he do it, the birds all flew to it ;  
But, ah ! he had certainly reason to rue it.

It turned out no fun ; for the man with the gun,  
Who was seeking for partridges, took him for one.

He was shot in the side ; and he feelingly cried,  
A moment or so ere he fainted and died,

“Who for others prepare a trap should beware  
They do not themselves fall into the snare.”

---

ENIGMA.

By something formed, I nothing am,  
Yet every thing that you can name ;  
In no place have I ever been,  
Yet everywhere I may be seen ;

I'm always false, yet always true,  
And still the same, though ever new.  
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,  
Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear.  
Yet neither smell, see, taste, nor hear;  
All shapes and features I can boast,  
But am not flesh, or blood, or ghost;  
All colors without paint put on,  
And change like the chameleon.  
Swiftly I come, and enter there  
Where not a chink lets in the air.  
Like thought I'm in a moment gone,  
Nor can I ever be alone.  
All things on earth I imitate,  
Faster than nature can create:  
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,  
Anon in beggar's rags appear.  
A giant now, and now an elf,  
I'm every one, but ne'er myself.  
Ne'er sad, I mourn; ne'er glad, rejoice:  
I move my lips, but want a voice;  
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die.  
Then, prythee, tell me, what am I?

*Ans.* A reflected image in a glass.

---

## THE WORLD—WHAT WE MAKE IT.

THIS world is not so bad a world  
As some would like to make it;

Though whether good or whether bad,  
Depends on how we take it.  
For if we scold and fret all day,  
From dewy morn till even,  
The world will not afford to man  
A foretaste here of heaven.

This world, in truth, 's as good a world  
As e'er was known to any  
Who have not seen another yet,  
And there are very many ;  
And if the men, and women too,  
Have plenty of employment,  
They surely must be hard to please  
Who cannot find enjoyment.

This world were quite a pleasant world,  
In rain or sunny weather,  
If people would but learn to live  
In harmony together,  
And cease to burst the kindly bond  
By love and peace cemented,  
And learn that best of lessons yet,  
To always be contented.

Then were this world a pleasant world,  
And pleasant folks were in it,  
The day would pass most pleasantly  
To those who thus begin it ;

And all the nameless grievances  
Brought on by borrowed troubles  
Would prove, as certainly they are,  
A mass of empty bubbles.

---

## SONG OF THANKS.

WHEN the light-armed troops of day  
Charge across the eastern hills,  
Chasing from their tents away  
Night's cold shadows and dark chills,  
Up the mountain's side I rove,  
Midst the sunlight and the flowers,  
Thanking God, who lives above,  
For such bright and happy hours.

When at noon the sovereign sun  
In his palace-dome is seen,  
Scattering gold and diamonds down  
On the hill-side and the green,  
On the meadow's breast I lie,  
Bathed in sunshine and in flowers,  
Thanking God, who lives on high,  
For such bright and happy hours.

When he rests in warm embrace  
Of some mountain in the west,  
Hiding half his glowing face  
In the shadow of her breast,

Toward his resting-place I rove,  
Matching sunset's hues with flowers,  
Thanking God, who lives above,  
For such bright and happy hours.

When dark night and solemn gloom  
Cover all the land with sleep,  
When their presence fills my room,  
And their hands my senses keep,  
Still in dreams I seem to lie,  
Swathed in sunshine and in flowers,  
Thanking God, who lives on high,  
For such bright and happy hours.

---

### THE COLD-WATER MAN.

It was an honest fisherman,  
I knew him passing well;  
And he lived by a little pond,  
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,  
Who loved his hook and rod :  
So *even* ran his line of life,  
His neighbors thought it *odd*.

For science and for books, he said,  
He never had a wish :  
No school to him was worth a fig,  
Except a *school of fish*.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,  
Nor cared about a name;  
For, though much famed for fish was he,  
He never fished for fame.

Let others bend their necks at sight  
Of fashion's gilded wheels:  
He ne'er had learned the art to *bob*  
For any thing but eels.

A cunning fisherman was he;  
His *angles* all were *right*:  
The smallest nibble at his bait  
Was sure to prove a bite.

All day this fisherman would sit  
Upon an ancient log,  
And gaze into the water, like  
Some sedentary frog,

With all the seeming innocence  
And that unconscious look  
That other people often wear  
When they intend to *hook*.

To charm the fish he never spoke,  
Although his voice was fine:  
He found the most convenient way  
Was just to *drop a line*.

And many a gudgeon of the pond,  
If they could speak to-day,  
Would own, with grief, this angler had  
A mighty *taking way*.

Alas! one day this fisherman  
Had taken too much grog,  
And, being but a landsman too,  
He could not *keep the log*!

'Twas all in vain, with might and main,  
He strove to reach the shore.  
Down, down he went, to feed the fish  
He'd baited oft before.

The jury gave their verdict that  
'Twas nothing else but gin  
Had caused the fisherman to be  
So sadly taken in.

Though *one* stood out, upon a whim,  
And said the angler's slaughter,  
To be exact about the fact,  
Was clearly *gin and water*.

The moral of this mournful tale  
To all is plain and clear,  
That drinking-habits bring a man,  
Too often, to his *bier*,

And he who scorns to take the pledge,  
And keep the promise fast,  
May be, in spite of fate, a *stiff*  
*Cold-water man at last.*

---

## MY NATIVE LAND.

My native land! my native land!  
A land with every gift replete,—  
All perfect from its Maker's hand,  
An empire's great and glorious seat.  
Alike removed from thrones and slaves,  
Proud Freedom's banner o'er it waves.

Her mountains look o'er realms serene,  
O'er waving fields and cities free,—  
While mightiest rivers roll between,  
And bear her wealth from sea to sea;  
And o'er old Ocean's farthest deep  
Her bannered navies proudly sweep.

On Plymouth rock the pilgrim lands,—  
His comrades few, and faint with toil;  
While warring tribes, in countless bands,  
Roam lawless o'er the uncultured soil.  
A few brief years have rolled away,  
And those dark warriors,—where are they?

And where are those—the heroic few—  
That landed on that rocky shore?  
Their voice still rings,—their spirit, too,  
Still breathes, and will, for evermore!  
For in their sons still burn those fires  
That freedom kindled in their sires.

'Tis something, though it be not fame,  
To know we sprung from noble race,—  
To feel no secret blush of shame  
For those we love, suffuse our face.  
Then let us to our sons transmit  
A land and name unsullied yet.

To us was left, in sacred trust,  
A realm redeemed, a glorious name,—  
The ashes of the brave and just,  
Fair freedom, and immortal fame;  
And in our hearts the courage dwells  
That tyranny with scorn repels.

We've not to weep o'er glory fled;  
We've not to brood o'er servile woe;  
We call not on the illustrious dead  
To shield us from a living foe.  
And should our pride be overthrown,  
'Twill be by native swords alone.

The standard which our sires unfurled,  
And which through peril's path they bore,  
Now floats o'er half the Western world,  
And waves on many a distant shore,  
And long shall wave, triumphant, free,  
O'er dome and tower, o'er land and sea.

For me, whatever be my fate,—  
Wherever cast,—my country still  
Shall o'er each thought predominate,  
And through each pulse unceasing thrill.  
My prayer, with life's last ebbing sand,  
Shall be for thee, my native land.

---

## WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

Who is it that comes to the garden-gate  
And sings of Love's young dream,  
While the blushes that glow  
On your bright cheek show  
That *you* think of the same soft theme?  
Who is it that comes to the old back door  
And gives you the signal to go?  
The maiden sighed,  
And, blushing, replied,  
“Well, wouldn't you like to know?”

What is it that makes you look down the lane  
So oft with eager eyes?  
At every knock,  
Each stroke of the clock,  
So quickly and joyously rise?  
And why with such care arrange your dress  
For a walk in the fields to go?  
The maiden sighed,  
And, smiling, replied,  
“Well, wouldn’t you like to know?”

But time flies on, and many a change  
With each fleeting year is seen;  
Yet a fair young face,  
A form full of grace,  
Trips lightly over the green.  
’Tis she who did meet her true-love at the gate,  
And a tiny gold ring doth show.  
She is now the bride,  
And the joy and the pride,  
Of—“wouldn’t you like to know?”

---

### THE CHAMELEON.

The chameleon is an animal of the lizard kind, which has been said to have the power of changing its color.

BECAUSE I may not think like you,  
Don’t call me foolish or untrue.

So limited is mortal ken,  
So blinded are the wisest men,—  
Things are so various to the sight,—  
Even *you* at times may miss the right,  
And even *your* opinion prove  
An error time must soon remove.

The question, not long since, arose,  
What the Chameleon's color was.  
A man who had one lately seen  
Maintained the creature's hue was green;  
Another vehemently said  
Its skin was of a lively red:  
To end the contest, they apply  
To a third traveller, passing by.  
"Sirs, you are neither of you right,"  
He cries,—“the animal is white.  
To prove it to you, I will show  
You one I caught an hour ago.”  
The creature from a bag he drew,—  
When, lo! to their dismay, 'twas blue!

---

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

Love me little, love me long,  
Is the burden of my song:  
Love that is too hot and strong  
Burneth soon to waste:  
Still, I would not have thee cold,

Not too backward or too bold;  
Love that lasteth till 'tis old  
    Fadeth not in haste.  
Love me little, love me long,  
Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,  
It will not prove as true a touch;  
Love me little, more than such,  
    For I fear the end:  
I am with little well content,  
And a little from thee sent  
Is enough with true intent  
    To be steadfast, friend.  
Love me little, love me long,  
Is the burden of my song.

Constant love is moderate ever,  
But then its tie there's naught can sever:  
Give me that with true endeavor,  
    I will it restore:  
A suit of durance let it be,  
For all the weathers, that for me,  
For the land or for the sea,  
    Lasting evermore.  
Love me little, love me long,  
Is the burden of my song.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
Autumn's tempest, on it beat,

It can never know defeat,  
Never can rebel:  
Such the love that I would gain,  
Such the love, I tell thee plain,  
Thou must give, or woo in vain:  
So to thee farewell.  
Love me little, love me long,  
Is the burden of my song.

---

## THE SWALLOW AND THE TORTOISE.

A TORTOISE in a garden's bound,  
An ancient inmate of the place,  
Had left his winter quarters under ground,  
And, with a sober pace,  
Was crawling o'er a sunny bed,  
And thrusting from his shell his pretty, toad-like  
head.

Just from the sea, a swallow,  
As to and fro he nimbly flew,  
Beat our old racer hollow.

At length he stopped, direct in view,  
And said, "Acquaintance brisk and gay,  
How have you fared this many a day?"

"Thank you," replied the close housekeeper,  
"Since you and I last autumn parted,  
I've been a precious sleeper,  
And never stirred nor started ;

But in my hole I lay as snug  
As flea within a rug;  
Nor did I put my head abroad  
Till all the snow and ice were thawed."

"But I," rejoined the bird,  
"Who love cold weather just as well as you,  
Soon as the warning blasts I heard,  
Away I flew,  
And, mounting in the wind,  
Left gloomy winter far behind.  
Directed by the midday sun,  
O'er sea and land my venturous course I steered;  
Nor was my distant journey done  
Till Afric's verdant coast appeared.  
There, all the season long,  
I chased gay butterflies and gnats,  
And gave my negro friends a morning song,  
And housed at night among the bats.  
Then, at the call of Spring,  
I northward turned my wing,  
And here again her joyous message bring."

"Lord, what a deal of needless ranging,"  
Returned the reptile grave.

"Forever hurrying, bustling, ranging,  
As if it were your life to save!  
Why need you visit foreign nations?  
Rather, like me and some of your relations,  
Take out a pleasant half-year's nap,  
Secure from trouble and mishap."

"A pleasant nap, indeed!" replied the swallow.

"When I can neither see nor fly,  
The bright example I may follow:  
Till then, in truth, not I.

I measure time by its employment,  
And only value life for life's enjoyment.

As good be buried, all at once,  
As doze out half one's days, like you, you stupid  
little dunce!"

---

## THE BOY'S CONFESSION.

God's forgiveness is the best, and it is free.

A PARENT asked a priest his boy to bless,  
Who forthwith said that he must first confess.

"Well," said the boy, "suppose, sir, I am willing,  
What is the charge?" "To boys 'tis but a shilling."

"Must all men pay, and all men make confession?"

"Yes, every man of Catholic profession."

"And whom do you confess to?" "Why, the  
dean?"

"And pay him, too, a shilling?" "Yes,—thirteen."

"And do the deans confess?" "Yes, boy, they do,  
Confess to bishops, and pay smartly, too."

"Do bishops, sir, confess? If so, to whom?"

"Why, they confess, and pay the Church of Rome."

"Well," quoth the boy, "all this is mighty odd:  
And does the Pope confess?" "Oh, yes! to God."

“And doth God charge the Pope?” “No,” quoth  
the priest;  
“God charges nothing.” “Oh, then God is best.  
He can forgive, and he is always willing:  
So I’ll go straight to him, and save my shilling.”

---

## ADDRESS OF THE CHRISTMAS-TREE

To the assembled children on Christmas-Eve.

My birth was in the mountains wild:

One sunny morn in May,  
I raised my head above the sod,  
Though snows around me lay.

But winter’s robe soon disappeared  
Beneath a summer sun,  
And then among the boxberry leaves  
I found a pleasant home.

A mossy carpet, soft and sweet,  
Encircled me around,  
The berries hung among the leaves,  
And snow-drops strewed the ground.

I grew in beauty every day:  
My branches fresh and green,  
With silver tips and fragrance sweet,  
Might any time be seen.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Canary Bird, 140.





Sisters of varied size and hue  
Grew near me in the glade ;  
We drank alike the morning dew,  
And with the breezes played.

Years rolled away, the winters fled,  
The summers went and came,  
And tall and straight I stood aloft,  
The *Silver Fir* my name.

My branches, tipped with tassels green,  
With fragrance filled the air ;  
Again they bowed beneath the weight  
That snows were piling there.

At length, one cold December day,  
Some motive power around  
Seemed gently bearing me away  
From this my native ground.

It faded quickly from my view ;  
The loved I saw no more ;  
And next I found a dwelling strange  
Upon a parlor-floor.

Bright faces gleamed upon my sight,  
And busy, gentle hands  
Began to hang my drooping boughs  
With gems from many lands.

I never felt so gay before :  
A change came over me ;  
And, decked with fruits of love, I stood  
The far-famed Christmas-tree.

Since then I've passed through many a land,  
As Christmas came around,  
And ever, where I take my stand,  
There love and joy abound.

And as I come from year to year,  
Forgive me if I say  
I'm often led to drop a tear  
For loved ones passed away.

Though passed away, they're with us yet ;  
Their spirits hover near,  
As, radiant, from their homes of bliss  
They come to join us here.

Long since a "heavenly host" came down  
To sing a Saviour's birth ;  
And still their song of gladness is,  
"Peace and good will" to earth.

Then, on this holy festival  
When Christ a *child* was born,  
Let kindly gifts, and hearts of love,  
This natal day adorn.

And now, dear friends, accept from me  
These tokens rich and dear :  
A "Merry Christmas" still be yours,  
And *many* a "happy year."

---

## AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still looked back  
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
So loath we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us,  
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,  
To those we've left behind us.

And when in other climes we meet  
Some isle or vale enchanting,  
When all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,  
And naught but love is wanting,  
We think how great had been our bliss  
If Heaven had but assigned us  
To live and die in scenes like this  
With some we've left behind us.

As travellers oft look back at eve,  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon that light they leave  
Still faint behind them glowing,

So, when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consigned us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that's left behind us.

---

## THE BIRD THAT SANG IN MAY.

A BIRD last spring came to my window-shutter,  
One lovely morning, at the break of day,  
And from his little throat did sweetly utter  
A most melodious lay.

He had no language for his joyous passion,  
No solemn measure, no artistic rhyme;  
Yet no devoted minstrel e'er did fashion  
Such perfect tune and time.

It seemed of thousand joys a thousand stories,  
All gushing forth in one tumultuous tide,  
A hallelujah for the morning-glories  
That bloomed on every side.

And with each canticle's voluptuous ending,  
He sipped a dew-drop from the dripping pane,  
Then, heavenward his little bill extending,  
Broke forth in song again.

I thought to emulate his wild emotion,  
And learn thanksgiving from his tuneful tongue;  
But human heart ne'er uttered such devotion,  
Nor human lips such song.

At length he flew, and left me in much sorrow,  
Lest I should hear those tender notes no more;  
And, though I early watched for him each morrow,  
He came not nigh my door.

But once again, one silent summer even,  
I met him hopping in the new-mown hay;  
But he was mute, and looked not up to heaven,  
As when he sang in May.

Though now I hear from dawn to twilight hour  
The hoarse woodpecker and the noisy jay,  
In vain I seek, through leafless grove and bower,  
The bird that sang in May.

And such, methinks, are childhood's dawning pleasures:

They charm a moment, and then fly away.  
Through life we sigh, and seek those missing treasures,—

The birds that sang in May.

This little lesson, then, my friend, remember,  
To seize each bright-winged blessing in its day,  
And never hope to catch in cold December  
The bird that sang in May.

## BE CONTENT.

A MAN in his carriage was riding along,  
A gayly-dressed wife by his side :  
In satin and laces she looked like a queen,  
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood near the street as they passed.  
The carriage and couple he eyed,  
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,  
“I wish I was rich, and could ride.”

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,  
“One thing I would give, if I could :  
I would give all my wealth for the strength and  
the health  
Of the man who is sawing the wood.”

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,  
Whose face as the morning was fair,  
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,  
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked at the carriage: the lady she saw,  
Arrayed in apparel so fine,  
And said, in a whisper, “I wish from my heart  
Those satins and laces were mine.”

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,  
So fair, in her calico dress,  
And said, "Ah, how gladly I'd give all my wealth  
Her beauty and youth to possess!"

It is thus in this world, whatsoever our lot,  
Our minds and our time we employ  
In longing and sighing for what we have not,  
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

---

## SWEET MARY.

A SHADY dell beside the road,  
Sequestered, cool, and grassy,  
A pleasant brook a-near it flowed,  
Its current pure and glassy.

Sweet Mary's home was on the hill,  
Up in the farm-house yonder,  
But in the dell, so cool and still,  
It was her wont to wander.

Her father's sheep the tender maid  
Her steps had taught to follow,  
And frisky lambs around her played  
Down in the grassy hollow.

And there she sat, on summer days,  
Her nimble fingers flitting  
Through many an intertwisting maze,  
In curious arts of knitting.

And there she sang some simple song,  
Or hymn, learned from her mother:  
The hours to her were never long;  
Each moment chased the other.

A native quietude of mien  
So graciously became her,  
The maidens on the village green  
With honor loved to name her.

The quiet meekness of her brow  
Awoke no special wonder,  
Though, like a brook beneath the snow,  
The sparkling thoughts flowed under.

And oftentimes a sudden smile  
Her countenance stole over,  
As flitting sunbeams dance the while  
O'er fields of blooming clover.

The angel of her peaceful hearth,  
Her mother's hand caressed her;  
She changed her father's care to mirth,  
And silently he blessed her.

On Sunday, in the village choir,  
Her pure sweet voice out-pealing  
Struck up in listening hearts the fire  
Of deep and holy feeling.

When sorrow's burden fell upon  
Some soul too weak to bear it,  
She bent her willing shoulder down  
And kindly sought to share it.

The great wide world was all astir,  
And heaved in toppling billows;  
But all was calm as heaven to her,  
Beneath her drooping willows.

As life ran on with silent pace,  
Her meek and quiet spirit  
Grew meeter for the holy place  
The pure in heart inherit.

So, when the leaves were turning red  
And autumn winds were sweeping,  
Sweet Mary, with the early dead,  
Beneath the grass was sleeping.

---

THE SNAIL.

To grass or leaf, or fruit or wall,  
The snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,—  
As if he grew there, house and all  
Together.

Within that house secure he hides  
When danger imminent betides  
Of storm, or other harm besides  
Of weather.

150 THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,  
His self-collecting power is such,  
He shrinks into his house with much  
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,  
Except himself, has chattels none,  
Well satisfied to be his own  
Whole treasure.

Thus hermit-like his life he leads,  
Nor partner of his banquet needs,  
And, if he meets one, only feeds  
The faster.

Who seeks him must be more than blind—  
He and his house are so combined—  
If, finding it, he fails to find  
Its master.

---

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long  
Had cheered the village with its song,  
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
Nor yet when eventide was ended,  
Began to feel, as well he might,  
The keen demands of appetite ;  
When, looking eagerly around,  
He spied far off upon the ground,—

A something shining in the dark,—  
And knew the glow-worm by his spark :  
So, stooping down from hawthorn-top,  
He thought to put him in his crop.  
The worm, aware of his intent,  
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:—

“Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,  
“As much as I your minstrelsy,  
You would abhor to do me wrong,  
As much as I to spoil your song ;  
For 'twas the self-same power divine  
Taught you to sing and me to shine,—  
That you with music, I with light,  
Might beautify and cheer the night.”

The songster heard this short oration,  
And, warbling out his approbation,  
Released him,—as my story tells,—  
And found a supper somewhere else.

---

### THE CHARM OF DISTANCE.

AT summer eve, when heaven's aerial bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky ?

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?  
'Tis *distance* lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus with delight we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;  
Thus from afar each dim discovered scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past has been;  
And every form that Fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion glows divinely there.

---

### THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

The scene is in a cottage in Scotland, on Saturday evening, the older children having come from their various places of service in the vicinity to spend the last evening of the week at home.

*Ingle*, in the Scotch dialect, means fireside; *lyart haffets*, gray temples; and *bonnet*, the cap worn by the Scotch; *wales* means chooses, and *beets*, adds fuel to the fire.

THE cheerful supper done, with serious face,  
They round the ingle form a circle wide;  
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,  
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride.  
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care,  
And "Let us worship God," he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;  
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:  
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,  
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,  
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,  
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:  
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;  
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;  
Nae unison ha'e they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
How Abram was the friend of God on high,  
Or Moses bade the eternal warfare rage  
With Amalek's ungracious progeny,  
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire,  
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry,  
Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire,  
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,  
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed,  
How He who bore in heaven the second name  
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;  
How his first followers and servants sped  
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;  
How he who, lone in Patmos banished,  
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,  
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by  
Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal King,  
The saint, the husband, and the father prays.  
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,  
That thus they all shall meet in future days,  
There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
In such society yet still more dear,  
While circling time moves round in an eternal  
sphere.

Then homeward all take off their several way;  
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;  
The parent pair their secret homage pay,  
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request  
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,  
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,  
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,  
For them and for their little ones provide,  
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine pre-  
side.

---

I OWE NO MAN A DOLLAR.

OH, do not envy, my own dear wife,  
The wealth of our next-door neighbor,  
But bid me still to be stout of heart  
And cheerfully follow my labor.

You must know, the last of those little debts  
That have been our lingering sorrow  
Is paid this night: so we'll both go forth  
With happier hearts to-morrow.  
Oh, the debtor is but a shame-faced dog,  
With the creditor's name on his collar,  
While I am a king, and you are a queen,  
For we owe no man a dollar!

Our neighbor you saw in his coach to-day,  
With his wife and his flaunting daughter,  
While we sat down to our coverless board,  
To a crust and a cup of water.  
I saw that the tear-drop stood in your eye,  
Though you tried your best to conceal it,—  
I knew that the contrast reached your heart,  
And you could not help but feel it;  
But, knowing now that our scanty fare  
Has freed my neck from the collar,  
You'll join my laugh, and rejoice with me,  
That we owe no man a dollar!

This neighbor, whose show has dazzled your eyes,  
In fact, is a wretched debtor:  
I pity him oft from my very heart,  
And I wish that his lot were better.  
Why, the man is the veriest slave alive;  
For his dashing wife and daughter  
Will live in style, though ruin should come:  
So he goes, like a lamb, to the slaughter.

But he feels it the tighter every day,  
That terrible debtor's collar !  
Oh, what would he give, could he say, with us,  
That he owed no man a dollar !

You seem amazed, but I'll tell you more :  
Within two hours I met him  
Slinking away with a frightened air,  
As if a fiend had beset him ;  
Yet he fled from a very worthy man,  
Whom *I* met with the greatest pleasure,  
Whom I called by name, and forced to stop,  
Though he said he was not at leisure.  
He held my last note : so I held him fast  
Till he freed my neck from the collar ;  
Then I shook his hand as I proudly said,  
" Now, I owe no man a dollar !"

Ah ! now you smile ; for you feel the force  
Of the truth I have been repeating :  
I knew that a downright honest heart  
In that gentle breast was beating !  
To-morrow I'll rise with a giant's strength,  
To follow my daily labor ;  
But, ere we sleep, let us humbly pray  
For our wretched next-door neighbor ;  
And we'll pray for the time when all shall be free  
From the weight of the debtor's collar,—  
When the poorest shall lift up his voice and cry,  
" Now, I owe no man a dollar !"

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

ON the back of an oak-leaf, so brilliantly green,  
A little transparent excrescence was seen;  
And there a young promising insect did dwell,  
As easy and snug as a snail in his shell.

He had plenty to eat, and a blanket so warm  
That he never complained of the frost or the storm;  
But the foolish young grub was determined to see  
What the prospect outside of his dwelling might be.

So, early one morning, while yet it was dark,  
He woke from his slumbers, and rose with the lark,  
And nibbled so ceaselessly, quickly, and well,  
That he soon made a hole in the wall of his cell.

How happy he was when his labor was done,  
And he lay at his door in the heat of the sun!  
And so temptingly green was the foliage about,  
That at last he began to creep cautiously out.

He traversed the leaf, and went on down the stem,  
And the far-distant branches, he visited them,  
Till the shades of the evening drew silently on,  
And our wanderer was tired, and his pleasures were  
gone.

"Oh, what shall I do?" he exclaimed, in his grief;  
"Oh, how shall I get to my own little leaf?"

It is miles, I believe, to the top of the tree,  
And how I'm to reach it I really can't see."

Up, up, still he climbed, in the dim-fading light,  
Till the leaf where his house was arose to his sight;  
And, finally, weary and hungry and sore,  
He thankfully entered his own little door.

That night, as he lay on his warm, downy bed  
And reviewed his adventures, he thoughtfully said,  
"It is all very well in the sunshine to roam,  
But in trouble and darkness THERE'S NO PLACE  
LIKE HOME!"

---

### THE WILD VIOLET.

VIOLET, violet, sparkling with dew,  
Down in the meadow-land wild where you grew,  
How did you come by the beautiful blue  
    With which your soft petals unfold?  
And how do you hold up your tender young head  
When rude, sweeping winds rush along o'er your  
    bed,  
And dark, gloomy clouds, ranging over you, shed  
    Their waters so heavy and cold?

No one has nursed you, or watched you an hour,  
Or found you a place in the garden or bower,  
And they cannot yield me so lovely a flower  
    As here I have found at my feet!

Speak, my sweet violet, answer, and tell  
How you have grown up, and flourished so well,  
And look so contented when lonely you dwell  
And we thus by accident meet?

“The same careful Hand,” the violet said,  
“That holds up the firmament, holds up my head;  
And He who with azure the skies overspread  
Has painted the violets blue.

He sprinkles the stars out above me by night,  
And sends down the sunbeams, at morning, with  
light  
To make my new coronet sparkling and bright,  
When formed of a drop of his dew.”

---

## DOWN THE LANE WITH NELLIE.

Down the lane with little Nell,—  
Oh, what pleasant walking!  
Pattering of little feet,  
And such busy talking,  
Such a score of questions asked,  
Such sweet mirthful laughter,—  
Ah! I keep its memory  
For a week or after.  
Not a butterfly that flits  
O'er our pathway sunny,  
Not a wild bee journeying  
With its store of honey,

Scarce a floweret by the fence,  
Or an insect moving,  
Can escape those eager eyes  
In their earnest roving.

“There’s a squirrel!” she exclaims,  
Joy in every feature,  
“And a bird! a bright blue bird!  
Oh, the pretty creature!  
Don’t you think his nest is there,  
With the blue eggs in it?  
Might I climb up, dear mamma,  
To peep in for a minute?  
Look, I’ve found the sweetest flower  
In the lane, I’m certain!  
See that spider, how he weaves  
For himself a curtain!  
There’s a lamb beyond the fence,—  
Ah, the darling fellow!  
What a lovely butterfly,  
Spotted brown and yellow!  
God is very good, mamma,  
Looking down from heaven,  
Who so many pretty things  
To our lane has given.”

Darling Nellie, may the lane  
Type thy future walking  
All through life, with happy thoughts  
For thy daily talking,

Ever finding loveliness  
In all quiet places,  
With a tender, loving heart,  
Full of heaven's own graces,  
Gathering every way-side flower  
In thy life-path growing,  
Finding simplest pleasures still  
Most of joy bestowing,  
Looking up, in every good,  
To the bounteous Giver,  
Till my darling reach the land  
Beautiful forever.

---

## THE FARM.

BRIGHT glows the east with blushing red,  
While yet upon their wholesome bed  
The sleeping laborers rest ;  
And the pale moon and silver star  
Grow paler still, and, wandering far,  
Sink slowly to the west.

And see, behind the sloping hill  
The morning clouds grow brighter still,  
And all the shades retire ;  
Slowly the sun, with golden ray,  
Breaks forth above the horizon gray,  
And gilds the distant spire.

And now, at nature's cheerful voice,  
The hills and vales and woods rejoice;  
    The lark ascends the skies;  
And soon the cock's shrill notes alarm  
The sleeping people at the farm,  
    And bid them all arise.

Then in the dairy's cool retreat  
The busy maids together meet:  
    The mistress oversees.  
Some tend with skilful hand the churns,  
Where the thick cream to butter turns,  
    And some the curdling cheese.

And now comes Thomas from the house,  
With well-known cry to call the cows,  
    Still sleeping on the plain:  
They, quickly rising one and all,  
Obedient to the daily call,  
    Wind slowly through the lane.

And see the rosy milkmaid now,  
Seated behind the hornéd cow,  
    With milking-stool and pail;  
The patient cow, with dappled hide,  
Stands still, unless to lash her side  
    With her convenient tail.

And then the poultry, Mary's charge,  
Must all be fed, and let at large,  
    To roam about again;

Wide open swings the great barn-door,  
And out the hungry creatures pour,  
To pick the scattered grain.

Forth plodding to the heavy plough,  
The sun-burnt laborer hastens now,  
To guide with skilful arm :  
Thus all is industry around ;  
No idle hand is ever found  
About the busy farm.

---

## THE FROST-PICTURES.

I AM a little cottage girl ;  
My father's very poor ;  
No rich and handsome things have we,  
No carpet on our floor.

And yet this morning, when I woke,  
I saw, to my surprise,  
Four pretty pictures in my room,  
Alike in shape and size.

The first is of a lake so clear,  
With woods encircled round,  
Through which there springs a frightened  
deer,  
Pursued by many a hound.

The second is a quiet stream,  
Which through a valley winds:  
Tall trees and shrubs are on the brink,  
And flowers of various kinds.

The next a little hamlet seems,  
With its neat church and spire:  
Behind it hills and mountains rise,  
Up to the clouds, and higher.

The last is a vast waterfall,  
Which a broad lake supplies:  
Masses of water tumble down,  
And clouds of spray arise.

These pictures all will fade away;  
I know it to my sorrow;  
But mother says she thinks I'll have  
Four other ones to-morrow.

Who gives them to me, do you ask,  
And how much do they cost?  
The Giver I have never seen,  
The painter is JACK FROST.

---

## EVIL-SPEAKING.

TEACH me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the faults I see;  
The mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

## THE DEATH OF MARMION.

Lord Marmion was an English chieftain, represented in the following passage as dying in battle at Flodden Field from the wound of a lance. The Lady Clare, who is bathing his brow, is a lady whom he wishes to marry on account of her wealth and her high position. The Constance for whom he inquires, and in connection with whom his mind is filled with such agonizing remorse, was a beautiful nun, whom he had some time previous persuaded to break her vows, escape from her convent, and give herself to him: she had followed him a long time in his campaigns, dressed as a boy and serving him as a page. He had finally abandoned her for Lady Clare, and basely delivered her to the priests, by whom she was tried and condemned to be *walled up* in a dungeon,—that is, to be placed in a niche in a dungeon, and then the opening walled up with masonry, and she left to perish. This sentence was carried out on an island off the coast, near the Scottish frontier, named Holy Isle, where the convent stood.

Marmion had sent off all the men that were around him when he was wounded, with various orders, and was left alone on the field with Clare. He had then called piteously for water.

O WOMAN! in our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made,  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!

Scarce were the piteous accents said,  
When with the baron's casque the maid  
To the nigh streamlet ran;  
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears,—

The plaintive voice alone she hears,—  
Sees but the dying man.  
She stooped her by the runnel's side,  
But in abhorrence backward drew,  
For, oozing from the mountain's side,  
Where raged the war, a dark red tide  
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.  
Where shall she turn? Behold her mark  
A little fountain cell,  
Where water, clear as diamond spark,  
In a stone basin fell.  
Above, some half-worn letters say,—

**"Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and . pray .  
For . the . kind . soul . of . Sybil . Grey .  
Who . built . this . cross . and . well ."**

She filled the helm, and back she hied,  
And with surprise and joy espied  
A monk supporting Marmion's head,—  
A pious man, whom duty brought  
To dubious verge of battle fought,  
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
And, as she stooped his brow to lave,  
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,  
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"  
Then, as remembrance rose,

“Speak not to me of shrift or prayer :

I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words, are mine to spare :

Forgive and listen, gentle Clare.”

“Alas!” she said, “the while,

Oh, think of your immortal weal !

In vain for Constance is your zeal :

She—died—at Holy Isle.”

Lord Marmion started from the ground

As light as if he felt no wound ;

Though in the action burst the tide

In torrents from his wounded side.

“Then it was truth,” he said. “I knew

That the dark presage must be true.

I would the fiend to whom belongs

The vengeance due to all her wrongs

Would spare me but a day !

For wasting fire, and dying groan,

And priests slain on the altar-stone,

Might bribe him for delay.

—It may not be. This dizzy trance—

Curse on yon base marauder’s lance,

And doubly cursed my failing brand!—

A sinful heart makes feeble hand.”

Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,

Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labor Clara bound

And strove to staunch the gushing wound.

The monk, with unavailing cares,  
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.  
Ever he said that, close and near,  
A lady's voice was on his ear,  
And that the priest he could not hear,  
For that she ever sung:—

*"In the lost battle,  
Borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle  
With groans of the dying."*

So the notes rung.

"Avoid thee, fiend! With cruel hand  
Shake not the dying sinner's sand.  
Oh, look, my son, upon yon sign  
Of the Redeemer's grace divine!

Oh, think on faith and bliss!  
By many a death-bed I have been,  
And many a sinner's parting seen,  
But never aught like this!"

The war, that for a space did fail,  
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,  
And—STANLEY! was the cry.

A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
And fired his glazing eye.

With dying hand, above his head  
He shook the fragment of his blade,  
And shouted, "VICTORY!

Charge, Chester! CHARGE! On, Stanley! ON!"  
Were the last words of Marmion.

## THE FATE OF CONSTANCE.

The following is the account of the trial and execution of Constance for the crime of breaking her vows and following Marmion, referred to in the preceding extract. The scene is in a deep, subterranean den, or dungeon, in the Convent of St. Hilda, at Holy Isle.

The *cresset*, spoken of in the description, was a species of hanging lamp, used to light subterranean passages and dungeons in the old castles of those days.

THIS den, which, chilling every sense  
Of feeling, hearing, sight,  
Was called the Vault of Penitence,  
Excluding air and light.  
'Twas by the prelate Sexhelm made  
A place of burial for such dead  
As, having died in mortal sin,  
Might not be laid the church within.  
'Twas now a place of punishment,  
Whence if so loud a shriek were sent  
As reached the upper air,  
The hearers blessed themselves, and said,  
The spirits of the sinful dead  
Bemoaned their torments there.

But though in the monastic pile  
Did of this penitential aisle  
Some vague tradition go,  
Few only, save the Abbot, knew  
Where the place lay; and still more few

Were those who had from him the clew  
To that dread vault to go.  
Victim and executioner  
Were blindfold when transported there.  
In low dark rounds the arches hung;  
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung;  
The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,  
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,  
Were all the pavement of the floor.  
The mildew drops fell one by one,  
With tinkling splash, upon the stone;  
A cresset in an iron chain,  
Which served to light this drear domain,  
With damp and darkness seemed to strive,  
As if it scarce might keep alive;  
And yet it dimly served to show  
The awful conclave met below.

There, met to doom in secrecy,  
Were placed the heads of convents three,  
All servants of Saint Benedict,  
The statutes of whose order strict  
On iron table lay;  
In long black dress, on seats of stone,  
Behind were these three judges shown  
By the pale cresset's ray.  
The Abbess of St. Hilda there  
Sat for a space with visage bare,  
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,  
And tear-drops that for pity fell,

She closely drew her veil.  
Yon shrouded figure, as I guess  
By her proud mien and flowing dress,  
Is Tynemouth's haughty prioress;  
And she with awe looks pale.

And he, that ancient man, whose sight  
Has long been quenched by age's night,  
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone  
Nor ruth nor mercy's trace is shown,  
Whose look is hard and stern,—  
Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style,—  
For sanctity called through the Isle  
The Saint of Lindisfarn.

Before them stood a guilty pair;  
And though an equal fate they share,  
Yet one alone deserves our care.  
Her sex a page's dress belied;  
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,  
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.  
Her cap down o'er her face she drew,  
And on her doublet-breast  
She tried to hide the badge of blue,  
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.  
But at the Prioress' command,  
A monk undid the silken band  
That tied her tresses fair,  
And raised the bonnet from her head,  
And down her slender form they spread,  
In ringlets rich and rare.

When thus her face was given to view,  
Although so pallid was her hue,  
It did a ghastly contrast bear  
To those bright ringlets glistening fair.  
Her look composed, and steady eye,  
Bespoke a matchless constancy.  
And there she stood, so calm and pale,  
That, but her breathing did not fail,  
And motion slight of eye and head,  
And of her bosom, warranted  
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,  
You might have thought a form of wax,  
Wrought to the very life, was there;  
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,  
Such as does murder for a meed;  
Who, but of fear, knows no control,  
Because his conscience, seared and foul,  
Feels not the import of his deed.  
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,  
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,  
His body on the floor to dash,  
And crouch like hound beneath the lash;  
While his mute partner, standing near,  
Waited her doom without a tear.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek!  
Well might her paleness terror speak!



THE TRIAL OF CONSTANCE.



For there were seen in that dark wall  
Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall :  
Who enters at such grisly door  
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.  
In each a slender meal was laid,  
Of roots, of water, and of bread ;  
By each, in Benedictine dress,  
Two haggard monks stood motionless,  
Who, holding high a blazing torch,  
Showed the grim entrance of the porch ;  
Reflecting back the smoky beam,  
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.  
Hewn stones and cement were displayed,  
And building-tools, in order laid.

And now that blind old Abbot rose,  
To speak the Chapter's doom  
On those the walls were to enclose,  
Alive, within the tomb,  
But stopped, because that woeful maid,  
Gathering her powers, to speak essayed.  
Twice she essayed, and twice in vain,—  
Her accents might no utterance gain.  
Naught but imperfect murmurs slip  
From her convulsed and quivering lip.  
'Twixt each attempt all was so still,  
You seemed to hear a distant rill :  
'Twas ocean's swells and falls.  
For, though this vault of sin and fear  
Was to the sounding surge so near,

A tempest there you scarce could hear,  
So massive were the walls.

At length an effort sent apart  
The blood that curdled to her heart,  
And light came to her eye,  
And color dawned upon her cheek,—  
A hectic and a fluttered streak,  
Like that left on the Cheviot peak  
By autumn's stormy sky.  
Still as she spoke she gathered strength,  
And armed herself to bear:  
It was a fearful sight to see  
Such high resolve and constancy  
In form so soft and fair.

"I speak not to implore your grace:  
Well know I for one minute's space  
Successful I might sue.  
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;  
For if a death of lingering pain,  
To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,  
Vain are your masses too.

"I listened to a traitor's tale,—  
I left the convent and the veil;  
For three long years I bowed my pride,  
A horse-boy in his train to ride.  
And well my folly's meed he gave,  
Who forfeited, to be his slave,  
All here, and all beyond the grave.

He saw young Clara's face more fair,  
He knew her of broad lands the heir,  
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,—  
And Constance was beloved no more.  
'Tis an old tale, and often told;

But, did my fate and wish agree,  
Ne'er had been read, in story old,  
Of maiden true, betrayed for gold,  
That loved, or was avenged, like me!

"Now, men of death, work forth your will;  
For I can suffer, and be still.  
And, come he slow or come he fast,  
It is but death who comes at last."

Fixed was her look, and stern her air;  
Back from her shoulders streamed her hair;  
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,  
Stared up erectly from her head;  
Her figure seemed to rise more high;  
Her voice—despair's wild energy  
Had given a tone of prophecy.  
Appalled the astonished conclave sate.  
With stupid eyes the men of fate  
Gazed on the light, inspired form,  
And listened for the avenging storm.  
The judges felt the victim's dread;  
No hand was moved, no word was said,  
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,—  
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—

“Sister! Let thy sorrows cease!  
Sinful brother! Part in peace!”

From that dire dungeon—place of doom,  
Of execution, too, and tomb—

Paced forth the judges three.  
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell  
The butcher-work that there befell  
When they had glided from the cell  
Of sin and misery.

An hundred winding steps convey  
That conclave to the upper day;  
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,  
They heard the shriekings of despair,  
And many a stifled groan.

With speed their upward way they take,  
Such speed as age and fear can make,  
And crossed themselves for terror's sake,  
As hurrying, tottering on.

E'en in the vesper's heavenly tone  
They seemed to hear a dying groan,  
And bade the passing knell to toll  
For welfare of a parting soul.

---

LET ME RING THE BELL.

MISSIONARY, far away  
Beyond the Southern Sea,

Was sitting in his home one day,  
With Bible on his knee,

When suddenly he heard a rap  
Upon the chamber-door,  
And, opening, there stood a boy  
Of some ten years or more.

He was a bright and happy child,  
With cheeks of ruddy hue,  
And eyes that 'neath their lashes smiled  
And glittered like the dew.

He held his little form erect  
In boyish sturdiness,  
But on his lip you could detect  
Traces of gentleness.

"Dear sir," he said, in native tongue,  
"I do so want to know  
If something for the house of God  
You'll kindly let me do."

"What can you do, my little boy?"  
The missionary said;  
And, as he spoke, he laid his hand  
Upon the youthful head.

Then bashfully, as if afraid  
His secret wish to tell,

The boy in eager accents said,  
"Oh, let me ring the bell!

"Oh, please to let me ring the bell  
For our dear house of prayer :  
I'm sure I'll ring it loud and well,  
And I'll be always there !"

The missionary kindly looked  
Upon that upturned face,  
Where hope and fear and wistfulness,  
United, left their trace.

And gladly did he grant the boon ;  
The boy had pleaded well ;  
And to the eager child he said,  
" Yes, you shall ring the bell."

Oh, what a proud and happy heart  
He carried to his home,  
And how impatiently he longed  
For the Sabbath-day to come !

He rang the bell ; he went to school,  
The Bible learned to read,  
And in his youthful heart they sowed  
The gospel's precious seed.

And now to other heathen lands  
He's gone, of CHRIST to tell ;  
And yet his first young mission was  
To ring the Sabbath bell.

## THE OLD MAPLE-TREE.

ON a hot summer's noon, I once lazily sat  
In the shade of the old maple-tree  
That grew on the edge  
Of the rank-growing sedge  
Which borders the green grassy lea.

And I thought to myself, How pleasant 'twould be  
If I were that quiet old rock maple-tree!

I lay on the grass, with my head on my arm,  
Gazing up at its glossy green leaves,  
And seeing how bright  
They shone in the light,  
As they fluttered about in the breeze.

They swung to and fro, from sunlight to shade,  
As merry and blithe as the birds  
That built in those limbs  
And there sung their hymns,—  
God's praises unfettered by words.

And I said to myself, How fine 'twere to be  
Such a sheltering, friendly old rock maple-tree!

I passed it again, in the deep winter-time,  
When the earth was white with snow,  
And icicles hung  
Where the birds had sung  
But a few short months ago.

The spring came on; and the farmer's son  
Pierced its side, to gather its sap;  
And to sweeten his cup,  
The old maple gave up  
The fruits of its long winter nap.

And I thought, as I saw it, How noble to be  
As faithful and good as that honest old tree!

A fierce thunder-gust seized the sturdy old tree  
And hurled it in rage to the ground;  
And I saw with concern  
What the tempest had done,  
For I felt I was losing a friend.

The farmer came out with his oxen and chains,  
And dragged the old maple-tree home;  
And long after 'twas dead  
Its blazing logs shed  
Cheerful warmth in the family room.

And I wished, when I thought on that old maple-tree,  
That I were as good and as useful as he.

---

### DUTY.

LIKE stars in heaven,  
Never hasting,  
Yet never resting,  
Should man be found  
Winding still through duty's round.

## PRETTY MARY FAIRLIE.

Oh, pretty Mary Fairlie!  
She liveth by the mill;  
And let the day be sad or gay,  
She's always happy still,  
And singeth, ever singeth,  
Like a lark upon the wing,  
Or like the pretty robin  
We hear in early spring.

Oh, pretty Mary Fairlie!  
Her father's gone to sea,  
Her mother she is very poor,  
And left with children three.  
There's little black-eyed Jessie,  
And little Willie fair,  
And pretty Mary Fairlie,  
With her soft and golden hair,

And eyes that look like robin's eggs,  
They are so deeply blue,  
And smiles around her pretty lips,  
Like cherries wet with dew.  
Oh, pretty Mary Fairlie!  
She is a happy thing,  
And singeth, ever singeth,  
Like a lark upon the wing.

## OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

A LITTLE bird brushed my window by,  
'Twixt the level street and the level sky,  
The level rows of houses tall,  
The blank noon-sun on the level wall;  
And all that the little bird did say  
Was, "Over the hills and far away."

A little bird sang behind my chair,  
From the level line of cornfields fair,  
The smooth green hedgerow's level round,  
Just a furlong off, the horizon's bound,  
And the level lawn where the sun all day  
Burns, "Over the hills and far away."

A little bird sings above my bed,  
And I know, if I could but lift my head,  
I should see the sun set, red and grand,  
Upon level sea and level sand,  
While beyond the misty distance gray  
Lies "Over the hills and far away."

I think that a little bird will sing  
Over a fresh green mound next spring,  
Where something that once clothed *me* ye'll  
leave  
'Neath the level shadows of morn and eve;  
But I shall be gone, past night, past day,  
"Over the hills and far away."

## SNOW.

THE blessed morn has come again ;  
The early gray  
Taps at the slumberer's window-pane,  
And seems to say,  
Break, break from the enchanter's chain  
Away, away !

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound  
Along the air  
Of winds upon their battle-ground,  
But gently there  
The snow is falling,—all around  
How fair, how fair !

E'en the old posts that hold the bars,  
And the old gate,  
Forgetful of their wintry wars  
And age sedate,  
High-capped, and plumed, like white hussars,  
Stand there in state.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,  
The eaves, the door ;  
The hay-stack has become a hill ;  
All covered o'er  
The wagon, loaded for the mill  
The eve before.

Maria brings the water-pail,  
    But where's the well?  
Like magic of a fairy-tale,  
    Most strange to tell,  
All vanished,—curb, and crank, and rail!  
    How deep it fell!

The wood-pile, too, is playing hide;  
    The axe, the log,  
The kennel of that friend so tried,  
    The old watch-dog,  
The grindstone standing by its side,  
    All now *incog*.

The bustling cock looks out aghast  
    From his high shed;  
No spot to scratch him a repast,  
    Up curves his head,  
Starts the dull hamlet with a blast,  
    And back to bed.

Old drowsy Dobbin, at the call,  
    Amazed, awakes;  
Out from the window of his stall  
    A view he takes,  
While thick and faster seem to fall  
    The silent flakes.

MABEL'S WALK THROUGH THE WOODS.

ONE sunny morn the woods among,  
Blithe little Mabel walked along :

Birds flew around,  
Streams wandered there ;  
Sweet was the sound  
That filled the air  
Within that forest green and fair.

As o'er the grassy slopes she trod,  
The flowerets seemed their heads to nod ;

The birds that sat  
Upon the spray  
Cried out, "Twit! twit!  
With us, oh, stay ;  
The forest's green and fair in May !"

And when the babbling stream she passed,  
The little waves they followed fast,

And gurgling cried,  
"Sweet maid! Sweet maid!  
With us abide  
Within the glade,  
Amid the greenwood's pleasant shade."

But she replied, "I cannot come :  
'Tis time for me to hasten home."

And then each one  
Would onward hie,—

The waves would run,  
The birds would fly,  
That Mabel still they might be nigh.

Next day, from out her casement, she  
Both birds and stream could plainly see;  
The waters glitter  
Full of glee,  
The birds they twitter,  
"Here are we!  
The forest sends its love to thee!"

---

## THE STRAWBERRY-GIRL.

OR ever the matin dew is gone,  
Or up has risen the bright May sun,  
Hasteth the little strawberry-girl  
Out midst the plummy meadow sweet,  
The fresh wind blowing her hair out of curl,  
And the cool drops pearling her white feet.  
With ruddiest health her brown cheeks glow,  
And the sun has tinged her open brow;  
Plump, and rosy-tipped, and tanned,  
Is each little hard and dimpled hand;  
Roguish and shy her hazel eyes,  
And her mouth like her own red strawberries!  
Away to the village, there to sell  
The prize for which she has worked so well

While lazy little folks were asleep.  
'Tis thus she bravely tries to keep  
Her mother, who is sick and poor,  
From asking alms from door to door.  
A good and a happy child is she,  
Laboring ever cheerfully,  
Working and singing a merry song,  
Bird-like, all the live-day long.  
She knows who makes the violets blow  
And the pretty pouting berries grow,  
And daily her childish heart she lifts  
In praise to the Giver of all good gifts.  
Poor though she be, she has found the "*pearl*,"—  
This happy little strawberry-girl!

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## MISFORTUNES COME TOGETHER.

NEVER jumps a sheep that's frightened  
Over any fence whatever,  
Over wall, or fence, or timber,  
But a second follows after,  
And a third upon the second,  
And a fourth, and fifth, and so on,  
First a sheep, and then a dozen,  
Till they all, in quick succession,  
One by one have got clear over.  
So misfortunes, almost always,  
Follow after one another,  
Seem to watch each other, always;

When they see the tail uplifted,  
In the air the tail uplifted,  
As the sorrow leapeth over,  
So they follow, thicker, faster,  
Till the air of earth seems darkened  
With the tails of sad misfortunes.

---

## PASSING AWAY.

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell  
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,  
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,  
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,  
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,  
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,  
She dispensing her silvery light,  
And he his notes, as silvery quite,—  
While the boatman listens, and ships his oar,  
To catch the music that comes from the shore?  
Hark! the notes on my ear that play  
Are set to words: as they float, they say,  
“Passing away! Passing away!”

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,  
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear,  
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,  
Striking the hour, that filled my ear  
As I lay in my dream; yet it was a chime  
That told of the flow of the stream of time;

For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,  
And a plump little girl for a pendulum swung,—  
As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring  
That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird swing,—  
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,  
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,  
"Passing away! Passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels that told  
Of the lapse of time as they slowly go!  
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,  
Seemed to point to the girl below.  
And, lo! she had changed in a few short hours:  
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,  
That she held in her outstretched hands and flung  
This way and that, as she dancing swung,  
In the fulness of grace and of womanly pride,  
That told me she soon was to be a bride:  
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,  
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,  
"Passing away! Passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade  
Of thought or care stole softly over,  
Like that by a cloud in a summer day made,  
Looking down on a field of blooming clover.  
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush  
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;  
And the light on her eye, and the light on the wheels  
That marched so calmly round above her,

Was a little dimmed, as when evening steals  
Upon noon's hot face. Yet I couldn't but love  
her,

As she looked like a mother, whose first babe lay  
Rocked on her breast as she swung all day :  
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,  
"Passing away ! Passing away !"

While yet I looked, what a change there came !  
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan,  
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,  
Yet just as briskly swung she on.  
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust,  
The wheels above her were eaten with rust ;  
The hands that over the dial swept  
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept ;  
And still there came that silver tone  
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone  
(Let me never forget till my dying day  
The tone or burden of her lay),  
"Passing away ! Passing away !"

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### THE BIBLE.

WHAT is the world ? A wildering maze,  
Where sin hath tracked ten thousand ways,  
Her victims to ensnare,  
All broad and winding and aslope,  
All tempting with perfidious hope  
And ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,  
Bearing their baubles or their loads  
Down to eternal night.

One humble path, that never bends,  
Narrow and rough and steep, ascends  
From darkness into light.

Is there a guide to show that path?  
The Bible :—he alone who hath  
The Bible need not stray.  
Yet he who hath, and will not give  
That heavenly guide to all that live,  
Himself shall lose the way.

---

## IMPRESSIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

As turns the pausing traveller back,  
At close of evening, to survey  
The windings of the weary track  
Through which the day's long journey lay,  
And sees how by the waning light,  
That fades so fast o'er field and meadow,  
The distant objects still are bright,  
While nearer scenes are sunk in shadow;

So, when the mind's inquiring eye  
Looks backward through the mists of years,  
Where, in its vast variety,  
The checkered map of life appears,

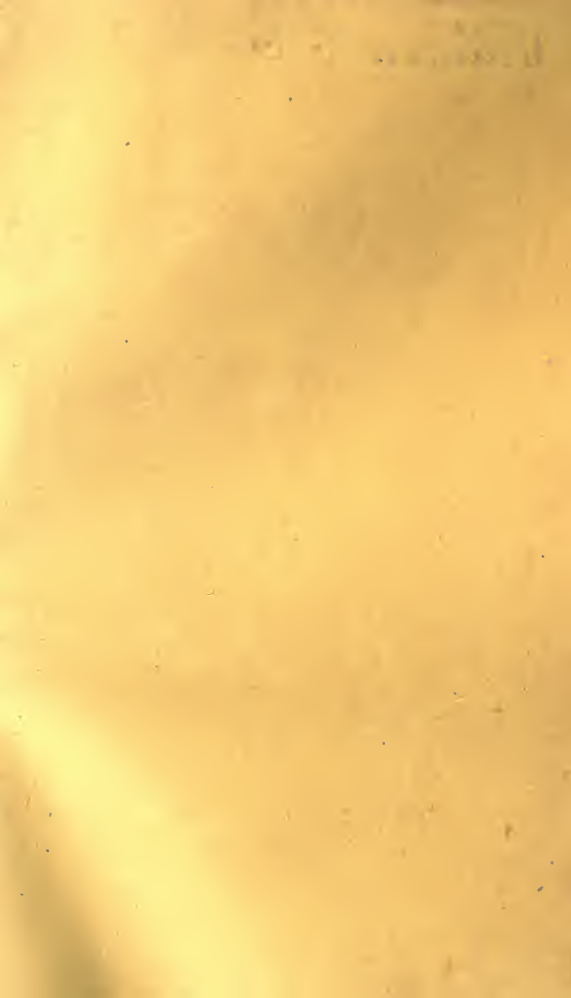
Each opening scene, each happy hour  
Of childhood's bright and joyous day,  
Comes radiant out, with magic power,  
While all that's later fades away.

Since, then, the images that take  
The first fresh fancy of the mind  
So lasting an impression make,  
And leave so bright a trace behind,  
With treasures fill all infant years  
Of happiness without alloy ;  
Assuage the pains, dispel the tears,  
Forgive the sins, allay the fears,  
And make all duty, peace, and joy.

THE END.







William H. Carpenter Book



